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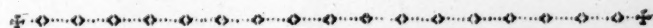
NOVELLETTES,

Liza Thomasina O'Grady

SELECTED FOR THE USE OF

Young Ladies and Gentlemen.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



Written by

Mrs. GRIFFITH, Dr. GOLDSMITH, &c.

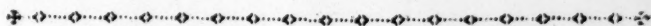


“ From flower to flower, from tree to tree,

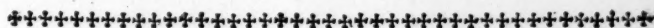
“ Culling of sweets—thus roves the bee;

“ And in one fragrant heap we find,

“ The quintessence of all combined.”



V O L. I.



D U B L I N:

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M DCC LXXXIV.





P R E F A C E.

TO invite the young mind to the task of study and improvement, various allurements have been contrived, and the flowers have been combined with the fruits of Literature. Authors acquainted with the human character, have insinuated their instructions thro' the ducts of the senses to the reservoir of the mind. Grace and elegance, by this means, have been acquired along with knowledge and morality; and the Youth and Virgin have learned

“ —To write, converse, and live with
“ ease.”

It is the intention of the Editors of the present publication to provide an useful instructor, in the habit of a pleasing Companion, to the Young of both Sexes. No poisoning levity is concealed beneath the warm
A colouring

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colouring of character, to instil itself imperceptibly into the heart ;—no palliation of villainy to beat down the centinels of Honour, and take the bosom by surprize ;—no embroidery of vice to render it agreeable, not tawdriness of virtue to give disgust.—They hope to see it accepted with avidity by the Parent and the Guardian, the Tutor and the Governess, and freely admitted into every Seminary, as a beacon to guide the young Traveller in the wild of Science to the path where utility is connected with delight.

*The following NOVELLETTES are selected from a variety of beautiful pieces. Their particular merit has induced the Editors to draw them from their original source into a channel where they doubt not but they will flow for a length of years. The names of the Authors are sufficient recommendation to a judicious Public. With a genius capable of giving contagion to the most dissipated character, or of throwing attraction into scenes of compleat deformity, Dr. GOLD-SMITH has used his powers only for the promotion of virtue. Mrs. GRIFFITH, the ornament and pride of her Country, has strove to open the flood-gate of Literature to her own sex, and purifyng the stream from
the*

P R E F A C E iii.

the filth with which it was impregnated, to make it guide with meandering invitation through the vallies of Britain. She is one of the many examples in the present day, that have served to explode the illiberal assertion that Female genius is inferior to Male. She has grasped at the noblest objects in the regions of the Muse, and has conducted her flight with all the steadiness of mature judgement.

The severe lessons of a moralizing Pedant, however gravely they may be uttered, will neither wean the tender mind from its weaknesses, nor open it to the fine impressions of sentiment and taste.—There is an antidote in gravity against the effect of instruction; and it is more than half the task accomplished, to incline and engage the heart to study. By the happy union of the dulce with the utile, this great first point may be obtained:

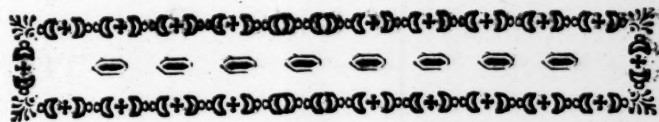
*“ Example—stronger far than precept
“ acts,
“ And words less strike us than the
“ force of facts.”*

The following stories possess all the ease, gaiety, and grace, that characterize the
A 2
polite

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polite Circles.——It is there alone that those agréments of conversation and manners can be acquired——those undefinable elegancies of behaviour which are so necessary to the accomplishment of the Lady as well as the Gentleman. We wish to arrogate to ourselves no other merit, than that we had sense and taste enough to discover that the following NOVELLETES were excellent of their kind; and that to collect them together, would be not only a very useful, but also perhaps a praise-worthy task.

C O N-



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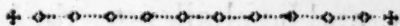
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NOVELLETTES.



T H E

UNFORCED REPENTANCE:

A REAL STORY.

By Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LET not the Young or Fair cast a contemptuous eye on the following pages, when I tell them that the Writer of this Story is now in his seventieth year, and that he has not once visited the Metropolis, for the last five-and-thirty of them; but closely attended his duty, the care of the few souls that were committed to his charge, when he

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B

accepted

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accepted the small living of which he is now possessed. But though a Parson, Ladies ! he never preaches *out of the Pulpit* ; and though his notions of the Gay World may be rather antiquated, and the lively faculties of his mind a little blunted by years ; yet, his tenderness and sensibility are neither become rigid nor obtuse : and he challenges the brightest pair of eyes, in this Land of Beauties, to shed more tears at the following recital, than he has already done himself. He proceeds now to give out the text, and leave the Readers to comment on it as they please, assuming no other character than that of a faithful Narrator, concealing only the names and conditions of the parties.

About eight years ago, I received the following letter :

“ SIR,

“ THE unaffected benevolence, as
“ well as purity of your character,
“ which are attested by a croud of wit-
“ nesses, even all who know you, have
“ induced a very young and unhappy
“ Lady to sue for your protection, and
“ most



“ most humbly and earnestly to entreat
 “ that you will suffer her to find an asy-
 “ lum for her sorrows, which are of
 “ the most delicate and interesting kind,
 “ beneath your hospitable roof; as it is
 “ only in retirement from the world, and
 “ in converse such as yours, that she will
 “ admit of the idea of consolation.

“ The particular subject of her dis-
 “ tress must ever remain a secret, till she
 “ herself chuses to reveal it either to you,
 “ or any other person; but to satisfy any
 “ scruples that may arise in your mind,
 “ from the apprehensions of receiving an
 “ improper inmate, I here affirm that
 “ she is a Lady of unblemished reputa-
 “ tion, blessed with affluence, and every
 “ grace and charm of mind and body,
 “ which did once constitute the happi-
 “ ness, as now the misery, of her fond
 “ husband, and

“ Your obedient servant,

“ HENRY MIDDLETON.

“ P. S. Please to direct your answer
 “ to Bath, where, if you should have
 “ any doubts remaining, you may
 “ be fully satisfied with regard to the
 B 2 “ character

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“character of the person who now addresses you”

I immediately returned the following answer :

“SIR,

“AFTER such a confidence as you
“have been pleased to honour me with,
“I think it would be impossible for
“any Man, however hackneyed in the
“ways of the World, to have a doubt
“of your sincerity : and far, very far
“be it from me ; I shall, therefore,
“most willingly accept the precious
“charge you have thought proper to
“commit to my care, and most sincerely wish that it may be in my
“power to administer such consolation
“to the person’s mind, as may restore
“it to its peace, and your happiness.
“I am fully sensible of those relative
“ties which should make us consider all
“mankind as our brethren ; but I confess myself possessed of a more sympathetic kindness towards the sons
“and daughters of Affliction, than any
“others of the human race : and I have
“ever thought it the blessed privilege,
“as

“ as well as duty, of the Ministers of
 “ the Gospel, to speak comfort to the
 “ troubled heart. I by no means wish
 “ to enquire into the particular cause
 “ of the Lady’s distress, but shall use
 “ my utmost endeavours to remove its
 “ effects.

“ I am truly grieved to inform you,
 “ that my amiable and excellent wife is
 “ at present in a very languid and
 “ weak state of health, which will, I
 “ fear, too soon deprive me of my
 “ highest earthly happiness, and pre-
 “ vent your Lady from receiving the
 “ advantage of conversing with one of
 “ the best and most agreeable of her Sex ;
 “ whose cheerfulness remains even in
 “ her declining state, as it arises from

“ The gay conscience of *a life well-
 spent,*”

“ the glorious reward of *which* she is
 “ hastening to receive.

“ From the date of this letter, I
 “ shall daily expect to receive your fair
 “ mourner, and shall think myself hap-

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“py if I shall be able to convert her
“ heaviness into joy.

“ I am, Sir, your most

“ Humble and obedient Servant,

“ E. W.”

In a few days after this correspondence, one of the handsomest and most elegant young men that I had ever seen, arrived at my house, and told me, that the Lady whom I had promised to receive, would be there in about an hour. The deepest marks of sorrow were imprinted in his countenance; and pressing my hand with streaming eyes, he entreated me to place him in some situation, where he might, unseen, be indulged with, perhaps, a last look of his ever dear and unhappy wife! his lovely and beloved Emilia!

I immediately complied with his request, and remained with him till, I heard the sound of her chaise approaching: I then left him, and went to receive her at my little garden gate. No words can describe the elegance and beauty of her form and face; I confess I stood amazed, and had scarce power
to

to offer her my hand, as she descended from the carriage. She saw my surprize, and with a look and voice of the most interesting sweetness, said, "I am much obliged to you, Sir, for condescending to receive an unhappy stranger beneath your roof; but I will give your family as little trouble as possible. Solitude is all I wish for, and I must entreat that you will suffer me to retire immediately to the apartment that is allotted for me, and direct my maid, who is the only attendant I have, to the place which is appointed for her."

I know not what reply I made; but I obeyed her commands, led her directly to her chamber-door, bowed and retired. When I came down stairs, Mr. Middleton was gone; he had mounted his horse the moment Emilia had passed by the place where he was concealed, and had left a letter for me on the table, containing a bank bill for two hundred pounds, and the most earnest recommendation of his Wife to my care and tenderness, with his address, and a request to acquaint him, at least once in a fortnight, with every particular rela-

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tive to her health, both of mind and body; and added, that as soon as he found himself sufficiently composed, he would visit me privately again. He observed, that his lady's maid had never seen him, and did not know Emilia's real name, as she had been hired by a friend, and placed at an Inn on the road to be in readiness to be picked up on the way. This circumstance, I apprehended, he informed me of, in order to guard me from dropping any hint before her of the mystery of her lady's situation or story.

The conduct of this whole affair had something very unaccountable in it; but the parties must have prepossessed any body in their favour, and satisfied them that they were perfectly amiable and unhappy. For several weeks Emilia confined herself to her chamber, nor did either my wife or I attempt to obtrude upon her retirement; she eat but once a day; and that sparingly, and in silence: but being at length informed by her servant, that I read prayers to my family every evening, she desired leave to join our little congregation.—By degrees she became less reserved

reserved, and sometimes dined with us; and when the delicate situation of my wife's health prevented her from leaving her apartment, Emilia would frequently pass an hour in converse with her there, and tell the suffering saint how gladly she would exchange the bloom of youth and beauty, to be, *in all respects*, like her.

I continued to write to Mr. Middleton, according to his request, and constantly received answers, fraught with the utmost tenderness towards his beloved wife; but whenever I mentioned my having heard from him to her, she always answered quick, "I hope he is well! May he long be so!" and bursting into tears, instantly left me.

More than a year elapsed without the smallest visible change, either in the person or behaviour of our lovely guest. She attended our family devotions and the church service regularly, but declined receiving the sacrament; and when I took the liberty of mentioning to her my surprize, that a person of so pure and uniform a life as hers, should deny herself that heavenly consolation; she

answered, with a heart-rending sigh,
 “ Alas! you know me not! I acknow-
 “ ledge the duty, and am sensible of its
 “ expediency; but a mind disturbed,
 “ is not in a fit state to partake that
 “ blessing. A soul at war within itself,
 “ is incapable of tasting the cup of hea-
 “ venly peace and bliss.” I used every
 argument that a person, ignorant of
 her situation, could urge, to reconcile
 her to herself; but still in vain, and
 sighs and tears were all that she would
 utter in reply.

At length I received a letter from
 Mr. Middleton, desiring me to inform
 his wife, that “ he could no longer sup-
 “ port the anguish he endured from
 “ living in a state of separation from
 “ All that he held dear, and that he
 “ thought the sacrifice he had already
 “ made to her delicacy, entitled him at
 “ least to the melancholy pleasure of
 “ sometimes seeing and conversing with
 “ her, to which, if she required it, he
 “ would bound all his wishes; but if
 “ she still continued to refuse him that
 “ small indulgence, he would immedi-
 “ ately quit England, and retire to
 “ some part of the world, where she,
 “ nor

“nor any other creature that belonged
 “to him, should never hear of him
 “again.”

I prevailed upon my wife to convey this intelligence to Emilia, as I imagined she could more properly and persuasively expatiate on the reasonableness of Mr. Middleton's request, than I could; but the unhappy effect which it produced upon her, soon rendered it necessary for me to become a party in the melancholy scene. At the bare mention of her husband's presence, she was seized with agonies that threw her almost into convulsions; she did not, could not weep, but with a voice scarcely articulate, exclaimed, “Never, never will I renew his miseries, and my own! He thinks *he* can forget—I know *I* cannot. Tell him but that, and if he ever loved me, conjure him, O conjure him, to let me live in oblivion, and die in peace!”

The violent perturbation of Emilia's mind began soon after this visibly to affect her health. For near six weeks she never stirred out of her chamber, and seemed alarmed at the sight or sound
 of

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of every creature that came near her, even of her own maid; spending her time equally between reading, tears, and prayer.

As soon as her unhappy husband was made acquainted with the sad effects his letter had produced, he came to my house very early one morning, muffled up in his riding-coat: but indeed he wanted not a disguise to conceal him; for he was so much altered, that, till he spoke, I did not recollect him: his face was pale and emaciated, and his whole figure shrunk. He told me he had determined to comply with Emilia's request, and never more disturb her peace during the remnant of his wretched life, which he was well convinced would be but short; for that his physicians had pronounced him in a swift decline, which he was sensible was brought on by sorrow for her loss: but that was a circumstance he wished her not to know; and that he hoped his death might be concealed from her as long as possible, as he was certain it would add still further to her unhappiness.

He

He said, he was resolved to go abroad immediately; not in the fruitless hope of recovering his health, but if possible to alleviate the anguish of his mind, which was then become insupportable to him; Time seeming rather to increase than abate his sufferings. He left me a letter of credit on his Banker; and after breathing forth a thousand tender prayers and wishes for the re-establishment of his Emilia's health and peace of mind, he took his everlasting leave of me, and departed for the Continent.

Prejudiced as I was in favour of my fair guest, I could not help charging her, in my own mind, with a species of cruelty and obstinacy, which I knew not how to account for. Not having been instructed in the story of their disunion, I was at a loss where to lay the blame; but methought there could have been no offence, on either side, so heinous, as that the sorrow and contrition shewn by each, might not have fully atoned for.

In about a month after his departure, Mr. Middleton wrote to me, and desired I would acquaint his wife that he was then in Italy, and also that I would
continue

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continue my accounts of her health ; enclosing my letters for him to his steward, who was the only person in England that knew where he was. He then, in the tenderest terms that can be conceived, implored me to try to prevail on Emilia to write to him ; as that was now the only intercourse that could subsist between them ; and he was persuaded that her compliance would lengthen his days, or at least render their duration more supportable.

As soon as I had read this epistle, I determined to use every means in my power, to prevail on Mrs. Middleton to comply with her husband's request ; and flattered myself, that if I succeeded so far, a reconciliation might take place between this unhappy pair, before the apparently approaching death of Mr. Middleton should for ever dissolve their former union. I lost not a moment, but went directly to her apartment, with his letter in my hand, and immediately told her that he was in Italy.

‘ Thank heaven, thank heaven ! ’ she quick exclaimed ; ‘ for since our persons
‘ are separated for life, I would have
‘ our

‘our situations as far divided too, as
 ‘this world can sunder them. We shall
 ‘both breathe the freer now; and as
 ‘our minds will be more at ease on this
 ‘account, it may serve to compose our
 ‘spirits to peace, and thereby perhaps
 ‘restore our bodies to health again.’

I then presented his letter to her. When she had read it, she remained silent for some minutes after, as if revolving what to do, the tears fast flowing down her lovely face; then said, ‘My husband’s will shall be obeyed.—’ ‘Yes; I will write to him since he desires it, though little does he seem to know what he requests; I must speak daggers to his heart, if I break silence.’

In the evening of that day, she sent her letter to me, desiring I would forward it immediately, and begged to be excused from coming down to prayers, as she found herself unable to sit up. My heart bled for her, yet did I still rejoice, that whatsoever pain it cost her, she had fulfilled this duty to her unhappy husband.

Six weeks passed away before we received

ceived any answer from Mr. Middleton ; during which time Emilia never left her apartment, and seemed to grow every day more weak and languid ; yet was her temper perfectly unclouded, and I even thought that as her health declined, her mind acquired new strength and vigour. Both my wife and I devoted our utmost attention to her, and frequently by her desire summoned our little congregation to prayers in her apartment, in which she always joined with the most edifying fervour.

At length our most-desired and long-expected packet arrived from the Continent, and brought a letter only for Emilia ; which contained these words :

“ THANKS, my beloved, my ever dear Emilia, for this last proof of thy remaining tenderness. Alas ! my love, this is the sole return that my now nerveless hand can make ; but the last sigh which this sad heart shall breathe, shall bless you for it. Thy husband shall expire in peace, Emilia, now certain of thy love. I could write volumes on this darling topic, would my weak frame permit : but ’twill not be ! I die,
Emilia

Emilia, but I die in peace ! Let this blessed thought console you for my loss, that it is you have quieted my anxious heart. Adieu, most lovely, beloved, and unhappy of women ! and may we meet again in that blessed place, where sin and death shall be no more ! Till then, a last adieu !

H. MIDDLETON."

It is impossible for words to give any idea of Mrs. Middleton's affliction, upon reading this letter ; her tears seemed to flow from an inexhaustible spring ; she neither eat nor slept, and it may be truly said of her, that ' her soul refused ' comfort.' This melancholy letter was soon followed by the account of Mr. Middleton's death, which was brought, with his will, to the disconsolate, and now dying Emilia. He had left her sole heiress and executrix to all his fortune, excepting some legacies to his servants, and five hundred pounds bequeathed to me, ' for the care and tenderness,' as was his expression, ' I had shewn to his beloved wife.'

In a few days after this melancholy event,

event, Emilia sent to desire I would come to her. To my surprize, I found her eyes were dry, her countenance composed, her voice and look, though feeble, yet were firm. She thus addressed me:—"At length, my good and worthy friend, I feel the happy hour of my release drawing nigh; and as it has pleased the Almighty to visit me with the sharpest and bitterest of afflictions that my frail nature could sustain, I will trust in his mercy that my sorrows may find favour in his sight, and that great and numerous as my crimes have been, I may still hope for pardon, through his merits who died for all repentants."

I urged every argument that I thought could bring consolation to her self-troubled and afflicted Soul. She heard me calmly, and returned me thanks; but said, as I yet knew not the extent of her offences, I could by no means judge how far her penitence might be accepted of; for though in thought or deed but guilty of one crime, yet from its effects she stood condemned for many, even the most atrocious of them all—for murder. "Though Heaven
is

is my witness, I would have died to save him," she exclaimed, "yet I am certain that I killed my husband, and can the sufferings of this poor short life atone for such a crime?"

I endeavoured to urge to her, that we could only be accountable for intentional evil; and that a person might be free from guilt, though they should have been the innocent cause of another's ill. She seemed not to mark the least attention to what I said, but continued herself-expostulation, adding, "Wherefore do I now delay to own my past transgressions, or reveal my shame? He who alone could suffer from my crimes, is lodged beyond the power of malice or of misery, and now enjoys the bright reward of all his sufferings here. Then hear my story, and as far as one finite Being can presume to judge another, pronounce your thoughts with truth and impartiality."

THE STORY OF EMILIA

' I AM the only child of the late
' Colonel D——. I lost my mother
' before I could be sensible of her fond-
' nefs:

' nefs : my father survived her only till I
 ' was ten years old. His estate was en-
 ' tailed, and descended in course to his
 ' next brother, who had an employment
 ' at Court, was married to a Lady of
 ' distinction, and lived in what is called
 ' the Gay Circle of the World. Five
 ' thousand pounds was all the provision
 ' my father could bequeath me; and
 ' with this small portion, I was brought
 ' home to my Uncle's house, who was
 ' also my guardian, to be educated by
 ' my Aunt, in a stile of life which
 ' would have called for ten times the
 ' fortune I was mistress of to support.
 ' But as my Uncle had no children, I
 ' was deemed his heir, and treated with
 ' that kind of distinction, which a per-
 ' son in such circumstances might have
 ' had a title to. I had a Governess ap-
 ' pointed for me, with Masters in every
 ' Science *but that of Virtue*. The pro-
 ' gress I made in the little Arts that were
 ' taught me, were daily, nay, hourly
 ' extolled ; and, at fifteen, I was com-
 ' plimented with being not only the
 ' most beautiful, but the most accom-
 ' plished young woman in the world.
 ' I was admitted of all my Aunt's par-
 ' ties, and lived perpetually amongst
 ' the

‘ the vain, the idly gay, and vicious.
 ‘ Cruel—cruel Lady Eliza D——! O,
 ‘ what hast thou to answer for!

‘ At Court, or somewhere else—no
 ‘ matter now—Mr. Middleton saw, and
 ‘ liked me; he became a frequenter of
 ‘ my Aunt’s assemblies, and, in about
 ‘ two months acquaintance, proposed
 ‘ for me to my Uncle. He acquainted
 ‘ his Lady with this, as with every
 ‘ other transaction of his life, and she
 ‘ highly disapproved of the alliance.
 ‘ Her nephew, the Earl of S—, liked me
 ‘ and so did many other men of qua-
 ‘ lity; she thought it would be throw-
 ‘ ing the girl away; but he had a right
 ‘ to dispose of his Niece as he thought
 ‘ proper.’

‘ I both hope and believe that my
 ‘ Aunt did not know her own motives
 ‘ for endeavouring to prevent my mar-
 ‘ riage, though they have been since
 ‘ but too apparent to me. Lady Betty
 ‘ had been brought up in high life, and
 ‘ used to gaiety and dissipation. Not
 ‘ being possessed of either much beauty
 ‘ or fortune, she had waited long, in
 ‘ vain, for a match suitable to her rank;
 ‘ and

‘ and in her thirty-ninth year married
 ‘ my Uncle. She had been his wife
 ‘ above twelve years ; of course she was
 ‘ no longer young ; and if I had quitted
 ‘ her family, she feared the youthful
 ‘ part of her acquaintance might for-
 ‘ sake her parties. Mr. Middleton re-
 ‘ ceived his denial, and withdrew.

‘ Soon after this event, my Uncle
 ‘ was seized with an apoplexy, and left
 ‘ his unhappy Wife and Niece without
 ‘ the means of subsistence. His estate
 ‘ had been mortgaged for its full value,
 ‘ and his other creditors greedily seized
 ‘ on his personal property though it
 ‘ could not possibly pay them five shil-
 ‘ lings in the pound.

‘ In this distress Lady Betty applied
 ‘ to many of her *illustrious kindred* for
 ‘ their assistance ; but while they with-
 ‘ held their bounty from her, they were
 ‘ liberal in their reproaches for her for-
 ‘ mer expensive and inconsiderate mode
 ‘ of life ; and all, except her Nephew,
 ‘ totally abandoned her to her distress.
 ‘ But he was under age, and could do
 ‘ little but make large promises, both to
 ‘ his Aunt and me. The generous Mid-
 ‘ dleton

' dleton alone stepped forth to save us;
 ' he renewed his addresses and received
 ' *my grateful hand*, as soon as decency,
 ' with respect to my Uncle's death
 ' would permit. Accursed as I am,
 ' why did not my worthless heart ac-
 ' company *the fatal gift* ! Yet then I
 ' thought it did. You have seen his
 ' person, and know that it was lovely :
 ' —I even thought it so, and yet I loved
 ' him not. Detestable indifference !
 ' Vile ingratitude ! masked beneath the
 ' frigid term Esteem !

' He settled two hundred pounds a-
 ' year upon my Aunt, with which she
 ' she retired to live at Bath. On me
 ' and me alone, his fond heart doated !
 ' I was indulged in every folly and ca-
 ' price that my vain thoughts could
 ' frame ; and though he wished for the
 ' enjoyment of my converse in a more
 ' retired scene than London, he never
 ' even hinted a wish for quitting it, till
 ' I began to complain that every one
 ' had left it, and desired to go into the
 ' country for variety. He was charmed
 ' with my request, and we set out im-
 ' mediately for his seat in C—shire.

‘ Towards

‘ Towards the latter end of Summer,
 ‘ Lord S——, whom I have already
 ‘ mentioned as my Aunt’s Nephew,
 ‘ came to make us a visit. He was equal-
 ly acquainted with Mr. Middleton and
 me, and was received by us both with
 equal friendship and hospitality. He was
 ‘ now of age, and had assumed a more
 ‘ manly and consequential air, than he
 ‘ had been possessed of in the earlier
 ‘ part of my acquaintance; but he
 ‘ seemed to have contracted a tender
 ‘ kind of melancholy in his looks and
 ‘ manners, which never fails to interest
 ‘ us.

‘ This soft languor seemed daily to
 ‘ encrease, and he would frequently sit
 ‘ whole hours in company with Mr.
 ‘ Middleton and me, without uttering
 ‘ any sound, but sighs.—I used to rally
 ‘ him on being in love: he would gaze
 ‘ at me with ardor, and say I guessed
 ‘ too well; then quit me hastily, and
 ‘ retired to his chamber, in which he
 ‘ sometimes passed the whole day alone,
 ‘ pleading indisposition.

‘ Just at this time Mr. Middleton re-
 ‘ ceived a letter, informing him, that
 ‘ his

‘ his only and much-loved sister was
 ‘ given over by the physicians at Bristol,
 ‘ of a consumption ; and that she re-
 ‘ quested he would indulge her with the
 ‘ pleasure of seeing him in her last mo-
 ‘ ments.

‘ I know not by what sad fatality this
 ‘ fondest, tenderest of husbands opposed
 ‘ my going with him ; but he told me,
 ‘ he could not think of my being en-
 ‘ gaged in such a melancholy scene ;
 ‘ and added, that the laws of hospita-
 ‘ lity required my staying upon Lord
 ‘ S——’s account ; that his going was
 ‘ indispensably necessary, but that he
 ‘ should not be absent more than ten or
 ‘ twelve days. I acquiesced in his de-
 ‘ termination, yet felt the strongest re-
 ‘ luctance at being left behind. I wept
 ‘ extremely, but used no arguments to
 ‘ oppose his will : he was delighted at
 ‘ my sensibility, and, kissing off my
 ‘ tears, assured me it should be our last
 ‘ separation. Prophetic were his words ;
 ‘ it was our first and last ! for never
 ‘ more did we embrace each other, or
 ‘ meet in the soft bands of peace and
 ‘ love.

‘ I was so much affected by Mr. Mid-
 ‘ dleton’s departure, that I continued
 ‘ in my chamber the whole day he left
 ‘ me :—Lord S—— also confined him-
 ‘ self to his. On the next, he also de-
 ‘ sired to be excused from coming to
 ‘ dinner, but requested I would do him
 ‘ the honour to admit him to drink tea
 ‘ in my dressing-room, which was on
 ‘ the same floor with his apartment, as
 ‘ he found himself too weak to come
 ‘ down stairs.

‘ I thought that there was a great
 ‘ deal of affected delicacy in his request;
 ‘ though I complied with it ; but when
 ‘ I saw him, I was alarmed at the sud-
 ‘ den change in his appearance. He
 ‘ looked as if he had been ill a month,
 ‘ and his spirits seemed so totally de-
 ‘ pressed, that tears stood trembling in
 ‘ his eyes when he spoke to me. I en-
 ‘ treated him to send for a physician
 ‘ immediately : he replied, that his dis-
 ‘ ease was beyond the power of me-
 ‘ dicine, and death his only remedy.

‘ I was really touched with compas-
 ‘ sion for his situation, and prescribed a
 ‘ number of trifling medicines such as
 ‘ sal

‘ fal volatile and lavender drops. He
 ‘ would suffer me to prepare them, and
 ‘ say, he would take any thing from
 ‘ me; but when I brought them, he
 ‘ would catch my hand, look wildly on
 ‘ me, and say, “ The cause alone can
 ‘ cure its effects;” then turn his head
 ‘ away and weep.

‘ He grew every day more weak and
 ‘ languid, and at last was confined to
 ‘ his bed. A physician attended him,
 ‘ though much against his will; and he
 ‘ absolutely refused to take any of his
 ‘ prescriptions, except from my hand.
 ‘ I will not pretend to say that I did not
 ‘ suspect the source of his malady,
 ‘ though he had never dared to reveal
 ‘ it expressly. But, alas! I never once
 ‘ suspected my own weakness, or that
 ‘ my heart could be susceptible of any
 ‘ sentiment but compassion towards
 ‘ him; and *that* I thought was due to
 ‘ his unhappy passion, while he con-
 ‘ fined it within the bounds he had
 ‘ hitherto preserved. Idle and dange-
 ‘ rous falvos!

‘ About a week after Mr. Middle-
 ‘ ton’s departure I received a letter
 C 2 ‘ from

' from him, acquainting me that his
 ' sister, though very ill, was likely to
 ' live some weeks longer ; and that, as
 ' she could not bear the thoughts of his
 ' leaving her, he wished me to come to
 ' Bristol, as he was unhappy at being
 ' absent from me ; and lamented my
 ' being alone, as he supposed Lord
 ' S—— had left our house before that
 ' time.

' I confess, I felt a little kind of mor-
 ' tification to my vanity, at finding it
 ' possible for any thing, however rea-
 ' sonable. to detain him from me. I
 ' however concealed this childish resent-
 ' ment, acquainting him only with the
 ' impossibility of my meeting him at
 ' Bristol, from the unlucky circum-
 ' stance of Lord S——'s ill health.
 ' He perfectly acquiesced in my reasons
 ' for not going to him, and most ten-
 ' derly lamented the disagreeable ne-
 ' cessity that occasioned our separation.

' Lord S—— continued to languish
 ' in the same unhappy state, for above
 ' a fortnight, without any visible
 ' change ; till one morning, about
 ' three o'clock, my maid came into my
 ' chamber

‘ chamber and waked me, to let me
 ‘ know that his Lordship was dying,
 ‘ and earnestly entreated to see me for a
 ‘ moment. Impelled by humanity, I
 ‘ staid not to consider of his request,
 ‘ but hurrying on my cloaths, I hastened
 ‘ to his bedside. He made many apo-
 ‘ logies for having disturbed my repose,
 ‘ implored me to listen to his last words,
 ‘ and desired his servant to withdraw.

‘ My spirits were too much agitated
 ‘ to admit of any consideration ; I there-
 ‘ fore made no objection to being left
 ‘ alone with him, and sat silently atten-
 ‘ tive to what he was going to utter.
 ‘ He began by assuring me, “ That
 ‘ nothing but the situation he was in,
 ‘ could ever have tempted him to reveal
 ‘ the secret he was about to disclose ;
 ‘ but as he thought himself a dying
 ‘ man, he hoped I would not refuse my
 ‘ pardon to his confession, when he
 ‘ owned that he long had loved me.”

‘ I started at the expression ! He seized
 ‘ my hand and bathed it with his tears
 ‘ entreating my forgiveness, and beg-
 ‘ ging of me to reflect that his claim to
 ‘ my affection was prior even to Mr.

‘ Middleton’s, for that his had com-
 ‘ menced before my husband saw me ;
 ‘ but as he was then under age, and
 ‘ knew that his Guardians would not
 ‘ consent to our marriage, he had con-
 ‘ cealed his passion out of prudence,
 ‘ bashfulness, and respect, till his hopes
 ‘ were blasted by the suddenness and
 ‘ unexpectedness of my wedding ; that
 ‘ from the time he heard of that event,
 ‘ he had endeavoured, but in vain, to
 ‘ conquer that unhappy passion, which
 ‘ had now brought him to the grave ;
 ‘ and that the sole return he expected or
 ‘ desired, even for the loss of life, was
 ‘ but my pardon and pity ; and If I
 ‘ granted them, he should resign his
 ‘ breath in peace.

‘ His sorrow was contagious : I wept
 ‘ with him, and O ! too surely pardoned
 ‘ and pitied him. There are virtues
 ‘ which are dangerous even to virtue
 ‘ itself. Let me pass over the guilty
 ‘ consequences of my fatal compassion :
 ‘ suffice it to say Lord S—— recovered,
 ‘ and I became a vile, distracted, and
 ‘ and unhappy wretch ! Quickly, very
 ‘ quickly, the guilty delirium that had
 ‘ involved me in ruin, fled : I looked
 ‘ upon

‘ upon Lord S—— with hatred rising
 ‘ almost to madness, and on myself
 ‘ with horror : but when the idea of my
 ‘ fond, my injured husband smote my
 ‘ heart, what words can paint my ago-
 ‘ nies ! I am amazed that reason held
 ‘ its seat, and more so still, that life re-
 ‘ mained within my tortured, feeble
 ‘ frame. A thousand times I resolved
 ‘ to rid myself of a being that was now
 ‘ rendered hateful to me ; but the terror
 ‘ of accumulating guilt upon my
 ‘ wretched soul, with-held my purpose ;
 ‘ and the idea that I ought to suffer, de-
 ‘ termined me to live for that end only.

‘ My scattered reason at length col-
 ‘ lected itself into this steadfast resolve,
 ‘ which the poor remains of my frail vir-
 ‘ tue served to strengthen and confirm ;
 ‘ never, as poor Monimia says, “ to
 ‘ bring pollution to my husband’s
 ‘ arms ;” but from that hour to consider
 ‘ myself as an alien to his heart and
 ‘ home, to confess my guilt, submit my
 ‘ future fate to his determination, and
 ‘ unrepining bear whatever condemna-
 ‘ tion, or condition of life, and punish-
 ‘ ment, his justice or resentment should
 ‘ think proper to allot me.

‘ This point once determined, my
 ‘ my mind became somewhat more
 ‘ calm ; and I wrote to Lord S——,
 ‘ whom I had not seen for several days,
 ‘ though he still remained in the house,
 ‘ commanding him not only to quit my
 ‘ fight for ever, but to leave the king-
 ‘ dom immediately ; acquainting him
 ‘ with the resolution I had taken, which
 ‘ must necessarily bring on an eclaircis-
 ‘ sement between Mr. Middleton and
 ‘ me, that must end fatally to one or
 ‘ other of them. Though I detested, I
 ‘ reproached him not—my conscience
 ‘ told me, I was by far the greater cri-
 ‘ minal.

‘ He wrote to me immediately ; I re-
 ‘ turned his Letter, with the seal un-
 ‘ broken, in an envelope, which con-
 ‘ tained these words :

“ NOTHING can shake my determi-
 “ nation. Had my virtue been as strong
 “ as my penitence, we had neither of
 “ us been miserable. May your con-
 “ trition be as sincere as mine ! and may
 “ we both find forgiveness from the
 “ Father of Mercy ! though I neither
 “ can or ought to accord it to myself,
 ‘ whilst

“ whilst I exist on earth. Write to me
“ no more, but obey.”

‘ He wrote another Letter, which I
‘ also returned unopened ; and being
‘ at last persuaded of my resolution, he
‘ withdrew the next day, leaving a card
‘ upon my dressing table, with only
‘ these words :

“ I obey for ever ! Who can bear to
“ be a wretch for ever !”

‘ I thought a part of the load that lay
‘ upon my heart was removed by Lord
‘ S——’s leaving my house ; but I
‘ knew not that its severest conflict was
‘ to come. The window of my dress-
‘ ing-room where I now constantly sat,
‘ looked upon the lawn that fronted the
‘ house : I saw a carriage arrive, and
‘ Mr. Middleton leap from it with all
‘ the ardor of a lover. I thought the
‘ icy hand of Death had benumbed my
‘ every faculty, and remained petrified,
‘ till he flying, as it were, into the
‘ room, and catching me in his arms, I
‘ gave a piercing shriek, and fainted
‘ there.

' Never was astonishment or concern
 ' greater than his; he accused himself of
 ' indiscretion, for having surprized me
 ' with his presence, and vainly fancied
 ' it was my sudden joy that had over-
 ' powered me; but when my breath
 ' returned, I did not dare to open my
 ' sad eyes, or look on his wronged
 ' face; nor indeed should I have seen
 ' him if I had; for showers of tears
 ' poured down my pallid cheeks, and
 ' quite obscured my sight. I could not
 ' speak to him—sorrow and shame had
 ' stopped all utterance. He appeared
 ' almost distracted, and enquired of all
 ' around him what it meant; then
 ' kneeling at my feet, implored me
 ' but to look upon him.—Alas! he sued
 ' in vain; it was impossible for me to
 ' bear his presence. I was put to bed
 ' by his directions, and a physician sent
 ' for, who talked to him of tremulous
 ' pulse, and agitated nerves, to which
 ' my whole disorder was imputed, and
 ' my recovery promised from rest and
 ' anodynes; but like Macbeth's physi-
 ' cian—he could not

" Minister to minds diseased,

" Pluck from the memory a rooted
 sorrow

Raze

“ Raze out the written troubles of
the brain,

“ And with some sweet oblivious
antidote,

“ Cleanse the full bosom of that pe-
rilous stuff

“ Which weighs upon the heart.”

‘ He therefore but tormented, not re-
‘ lieved me. I however continued to
‘ bear his unavailing attention for a con-
‘ siderable time, as my apparent illness
‘ furnished a pretence for confining my-
‘ self to my bed. I now constantly re-
‘ mained with the curtain closely drawn,
‘ so that when my husband came into
‘ my chamber, they screened him from
‘ my sight. His anxious tenderness
‘ could no longer bear the apprehen-
‘ sions he suffered from my situation,
‘ and he resolved to have me removed
‘ to London for better advice, though
‘ I were to be carried in a litter.

‘ I was extremely alarmed at his in-
‘ tention, and determined to exert the
‘ very little strength I had then left, to
‘ put an end to his delusion, and I
‘ hoped his misery. For this purpose I
‘ rose at midnight, when the family
‘ were

‘ were all retired to rest, and sat down
 ‘ to write to him. In vain—I found no
 ‘ words that could express the feelings
 ‘ of my heart, or paint its miseries; my
 ‘ tears washed out the letters as I wrote,
 ‘ and so entirely dimmed my eyes, that
 ‘ I found it impossible to execute my
 ‘ purpose. From this symptom, I flattered myself I was dying; and this
 ‘ hope animated my spirits, and inspired
 ‘ me with sufficient resolution to see my
 ‘ injured husband, reveal my crimes,
 ‘ and, if possible, expire at his feet.

‘ I went again to bed, but wept and
 ‘ prayed through the remainder of the
 ‘ night. About seven in the morning,
 ‘ I called the maid, and ordered her to
 ‘ desire Mr. Middleton to come to me,
 ‘ who was delighted with the summons.
 ‘ The moment he opened the door, he
 ‘ flew to my bed side, fell upon his
 ‘ knees, and taking hold of one of my
 ‘ hands, bathed it with his tears. I
 ‘ attempted to withdraw it, at the same
 ‘ time declaring that if he came nearer
 ‘ to me than he then was, I never should
 ‘ speak more. He remained as if con-
 ‘ gealed, and seemed unable even to
 ‘ draw his breath; so much did the ex-
 ‘ traordinariness

‘traordinariness and solemnity of my
 ‘speech and manners astonish and
 ‘affect him.

‘With streaming eyes I then pro-
 ‘ceeded to explain my conduct,
 ‘and declare my guilt. I had not
 ‘looked upon my husband’s face during
 ‘my confession, and therefore could not
 ‘see the change wrought there; but
 ‘while I spoke, he gave a groan, and
 ‘fell quite senseless to the ground. In-
 ‘spired with sudden strength, I know
 ‘not how, I instantly sprang up, and
 ‘called for help. The Doctor luckily
 ‘was in the house, and blooded him im-
 ‘mediately. As soon as he opened his
 ‘eyes, he exclaimed, “It is impossible!
 “my loved, my dear Emilia! save her
 “from herself! her reason is grown wild
 “—she raves.” I heard no more; the
 ‘strong exertions I had used now over-
 ‘powered me—I fell into a swoon; he
 ‘would not be withheld, but caught
 ‘me in his arms, and bathed my
 ‘cheeks with tears, imploring Heaven
 ‘to restore my reason and my life.

‘Why should I dwell upon these
 ‘tender scenes, or wound your friendly,
 ‘sympathetic

‘ sympathetic heart ! Suffice it to say,
 ‘ that my unhappy husband was at last
 ‘ convinced the tale of misery I had told
 ‘ him was too true.—Even then his
 ‘ fondness triumphed over his resent-
 ‘ ment ; he not only forgave, but seem-
 ‘ ed to forget his wrongs, and endea-
 ‘ voured, by every means in his power,
 ‘ to make me do so too. Alas ! That
 ‘ was not possible.—He proposed num-
 ‘ berless expedients to try to recover our
 ‘ lost happiness ; in vain he strove to
 ‘ call it back ; it was fled for ever :
 ‘ Content and Guilt inhabit not one
 ‘ bosom.

‘ I found it utterly impossible to sup-
 ‘ port his kindness, and continually im-
 ‘ plored him to remove me from his
 ‘ sight for ever ; for well I knew that
 ‘ whilst he saw me, he would love and
 ‘ pity me ! and from this motive only,
 ‘ Heaven is my witness ! I refused to
 ‘ see him. At length I prevailed so far
 ‘ as to obtain his promise, that if there
 ‘ could be a proper asylum found me,
 ‘ he would suffer me to retire to it for a
 ‘ time, in hopes of reconciling me to
 ‘ myself.

‘ Beneath

‘Beneath your roof I found the
 ‘wished retreat, and know not how far
 ‘Time’s lenient hand, and your pious
 ‘friendship, might have had power to
 ‘draw the pointed shafts of sin and
 ‘shame from my torn bosom, had it
 ‘not pleased the Almighty to add the
 ‘affliction of my husband’s death, of
 ‘which too well I know myself the
 ‘cause.—But humbled in the dust, my
 ‘soul submits to his all-wise decrees,
 ‘and feels its punishment not more se-
 ‘vere than just. Now speak your sen-
 ‘timents of my past life, and freely
 ‘say, if you sincerely think that I may
 ‘hope for mercy.’

I hope there lives not a Casuist so
 Pharisaically rigid, that has read Emi-
 lia’s story, and does not wish me to
 speak peace and pardon to this fair, un-
 happy Penitent. Had I the tongue of
 Men and Angels, I would aloud pro-
 claim, in honour of the God of Mercy,
 that her sins were forgiven her; “For
 “though they were as red as scarlet,
 “her penitence had made them white
 “as snow.”

Her gentle spirit was comforted—
 ‘she

40 THE UNFORCED REPENTANCE.

She received the blessed Sacrament from me, and, in about eleven days after, resigned her soul, without a sigh, into His hands who gave it.

THE



T H E
DUPE OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP :
O R, T H E
UNFORTUNATE IRISHMAN.
A M O R A L T A L E.

Founded on a FACT which happened at
LIVERPOOL.

B Y T H E S A M E.

IT has been remarked, and I fear with too much justice, that one of the most pleasing Dramatic Entertainments which has been produced for at least a century, though abounding in wit and satire against Vice, has been necessary to the misleading many of the Youth of Great Britain into the commission of a crime, against which both the laws of God and man are armed with judgement and penalties.

The

The Piece in question will easily be guessed at, when I pronounce Macheath to be the *Sir Clement Cotterel* to Tyburn, to which I dare say he has introduced more English youths, than ever our gentle Knight has had an opportunity of presenting foreigners at the Court of St. James's. Though perfectly clear in this point, I most sincerely acquit the aimiable Author of the *Beggar's Opera*, of any intention to injure the morals of his countrymen; but the effects of gilded vices, to minds which have not strength enough to beware of the latent poison, must ever be fatal; and surely there cannot be a more dangerous snare, than to represent a man brave while in the commission of a mean vice, or happy under accumulated guilt, and the terrors of the law. Yet stimulated by the apparent jollity, and false ideas of honour and spirit, which are expressed by the Captain and his gang, I am persuaded many young men have taken the highway, who would have shuddered at the idea of becoming Knights of the Road, if they had never happened to see so familiar a representation of such heroic Feebooters.

What

What I mean by this preamble, is to strip these figures of their false colouring, to turn the other side of the canvas to the young and heedless, and to shew them the miseries necessarily attendant on vice, to minds that are not totally depraved, and irreclaimable.

“ And now, my friends, this theme shall I discuss,

“ Or tell a Tale? A Tale.—It follows thus:”

A few days before the Summer Assizes of the year 1748, I happened to have some business which carried me to Liverpool; and having been formerly acquainted with that worthy Magistrate, Mr. Alderman S——le, I waited upon him to renew my acquaintance; and was just seated in his drawing-room, when he was called upon to commit a malefactor to prison. As I was myself of the Quorum, though not in that district, he did me the honour to permit my attending him in the execution of his judicial office; and in a few minutes the culprit was brought before us, and charged with having robbed a Waggoner of three guineas, while he slept

slept at a little cottage about three miles from Liverpool.

It appeared, in the course of the evidence, that the delinquent had taken the money early in the morning, from a purse which contained upwards of thirty pounds, and had immediately left the house, unobserved by any one; and that some hours after, when the theft was discovered, he was met by his pursuers within a few yards of the place, and in the very act of returning towards it again.

This circumstance, joined to the youthful and elegant appearance of the criminal, awakened Mr. S——le's compassion towards him; and with the voice of Mercy, and the look of Benevolence, he asked the unhappy youth what he had to say in his defence? Oppressed with shame, and almost sinking to the earth, the youth replied, "Nothing, Sir: I have deserved death, and wish to meet it, as an expiation of my crimes. As I am luckily unknown, its infamy and bitterness can only affect myself. I have for some time past been acquainted with misery, and I trust I shall meet its period

period with a becoming fortitude. Excuse me, Sir, if I refuse to answer any other questions you may ask me on this occasion, or to use farther speech upon a subject I am weary of—my wretched, very wretched self.*

No words can furnish the reader with an adequate idea of the effect, which this short, but impassioned discourse produced upon its hearers, Mr. S—le's hand trembled while he signed the criminal's committal, and even the Plaintiff blubbered out his sorrow for having, as he termed it a hand in the lad's life; he was, however, bound over to prosecute, and the culprit was sent to the county gaol.

Beauty, in man or woman, is certainly, as Queen Elizabeth said, *a letter of recommendation*, and naturally prejudices the beholders in favour of the possessor; but when our sensibility is heightened by seeing it in distress, it becomes almost irresistible. In order, then, that the reader may catch some part of the sympathy I felt towards this unhappy youth, I shall describe his figure and appearance.

He

He seemed to be about nineteen years of age ; tall, slender, and perfectly well made ; his eyes dark and hazle ; his nose a little aquiline ; a mouth, which, when he spoke, seemed to possess a thousand nameless graces ; his cheeks were sun-burnt, but his forehead fair, and adorned with a profusion of the finest auburn hair, which hung undressed and negligent upon his shoulders : add to all these, a countenance expressive of manly sense and spirit, though depressed, joined to an air of elegance and fashion, and I think he wanted not *the zone beneath his ear* to make him appear *an Adonis*.

In vain did Mr. S——le or I try to shake off the impression which this unfortunate youth had made upon our minds ; we could neither think or talk on any other subject ; and after we had drank our coffee, he determined to visit him in the prison ; to acquaint him with the near approach of his fate, which would probably be terminated at the assizes ; to induce him to discover himself, so far as might aid his humane endeavours, if possible, to preserve his life ; and to see that there was no unnecessary severity

rity or inhumanity practised towards him, as a criminal.

These laudable intentions were for a long time frustrated by the invincible silence of the person in whose favour they were designed; till upon Mr. S——le's repeatedly asking him if he had a father or mother living, he burst into a torrent of tears, which almost suffocated him, and then exclaimed, in all the bitterness of grief, "I had a mother, a few months ago but I perhaps have murdered her! O spare me, Sir, and let my death make all the poor atonement that is left me.

The clue being once found, the generous S——le pursued the opening track, and so pathetically enlarged upon the anguish which a tender parent must suffer for the untimely death of such a son, as to make him confess he wished to save his mother from that misery, if it were possible; but as he feared it was not, the only hope which he had now remaining, was, that she might continue ignorant of his fate, and never know the infamy he had entailed upon his name.

The

The heart that has been hardened only by misfortune, is easily softened by kindness; and the tender attention which Mr. S—le had shewn to this unhappy youth, at length triumphed over his intended reserve, which severity could not have conquered, and prompted him to give the following history of himself:

“ I am a native of Ireland, and the eldest son of a Clergyman, whose name was Hartford, who died when I was about twelve years old, and left a brother and two sisters younger than myself. My father was deemed an honour to his profession, both in his public and private character, as a man of sense, probity, and learning; and as the tenderest of husbands and fathers. My mother too was a pattern of conjugal and maternal love.—O why did I degenerate from virtues such as theirs; and become, as I am now, an outcast of society, and a scandal to my name!

‘ My father’s livings were very considerable, but the income died with him: there, however, remained in the family a small paternal estate, of about three hundred pounds a-year, which had been
portioned

portioned out by settlement among us; and on this, by the prudent œconomy of my mother, we were all supported in a state of perfect affluence, though not of grandeur; she constantly residing in the country, and giving up her whole time and attention to the care, management, and education of her little family.

‘ When I was fifteen years old, I was entered in the College of Dublin, and was informed by my dear and tender mother, that any of the liberal professions were left open to my choice; and that she would contrive to spare, from her slender income, as much as should support me like a gentleman, in the study of any of them which best suited my genius or inclination.

‘ For two years I applied myself indefatigably to my studies, and obtained the highest applause from my Tutor, and the other Fellows of the College. I however observed, that the Students rather seemed to dislike and shun me, and frequently used, in derision, to call me the *Beardless Monitor*. On this account I altered my plan, and became

less studious, and of course more dissipated. I soon contracted a friendship with a fellow-student, about three years elder than myself, who was the son of a slow mechanic, and was what they term a *Sizer* in that University, who ranks in a station below the Gentlemen Commoners and Pensioners.

‘ This young man was an excellent scholar, and possessed of many agreeable qualities: he sung, played on the flute, wrote verses, which he often suffered to pass for the productions of those who had more money and less talents than himself; but with all these pleasing qualifications, he was idle, insincere, and debauched; for ever necessitous from his vices, he attached himself to those who could best supply his wants.

‘ As my allowance was much too scanty to afford him any pecuniary advantages, I was weak enough to suppose that his friendship for me was totally disinterested, and that Parker (for that was his name) loved me, as I did him, with a sincere and generous affection. He introduced me to many females of his

his acquaintance, and, amongst the rest, to a widow who had two daughters: they were but in low circumstances, and made the scholars bands and surplices, for their livelihood. The youngest of these, whose name was Maria, was by far the most beautiful and elegant creature that I had ever conversed with; and when my friend and I returned from our first visit, I reproached him with having made me unhappy, by shewing me an object capable of attracting my tenderest regards, when I did not doubt that he had already engaged hers.

‘ He laughed at my scruples, and solemnly assured me that he had never thrown away a thought upon Maria, and went so far as to say, he did not even think her handsome; and added, if I had no other obstacle to surmount, but his attachment to her, I might render myself happy in her affections, as soon as I could obtain them.

‘ Though much astonished, I was delighted at his indifference, and daily repeated my visits to this idol of my soul, without daring to ask myself what end

I could purpose in this attachment. By degrees I became so totally devoted to my passion, as to neglect my studies entirely; and from having been remarked for the most sedulous and ingenious youth of my standing, I was now continually reprimanded and admonished for my idleness; nay, even threatened with expulsion, if I did not amend my conduct.

‘ The dissipated scene of life which I was now engaged in, necessarily led me into expences which I could not support. Perpetual parties of pleasure were formed for the entertainment of Maria and her family. Parker was our Master of the Revels: and while I could raise money at any rate, we indulged in every kind of profusion.

‘ At length he observed to me that I was losing my time, and persuaded me to press for the immediate reward of my passion. I started at the idea of injuring the chaste, the tender Maria’s heart, with a proposal unworthy of her; yet blushing owned to him, I could not think of marrying her without consulting my mother.

‘ He

‘ He ridiculed me for the mention of marriage ; said, he was sure the girl had never such a thought ; and that as she was as much in love as I, she perhaps might think she had reason to complain of my coldness. This was the first time I had ever ventured to consider my attachment but in the most serious light ; but he soon furnished me with reasons sufficiently specious to make me think of it as a mere matter of gallantry. I however resolved in my own mind, that if Maria, which I still doubted, should comply with my wishes, I should hold myself as firmly engaged to her, as if she was my wife ; and whenever it was in my power, without offending my still honoured parent, I would certainly make her so.

‘ Satisfied with this poor salvo, I proceeded to the commission of the greatest crime that a man can be guilty of :— That of robbing an artless young creature of her innocence, under the false pretext of love. Dear injured maid, forgive thy vile betrayer ! and may each crime, which since that æra thou hast committed, be visited on me, and me alone !’

At this passage, grief for some minutes stopped his utterance : when he recovered his voice, he proceeded thus :

‘ I for some time revelled in the highest delights that man, considered only as a sensual animal, is capable of ; yet were there certain compunctions still labouring in my breast, which possessed it with fear, a passion of all others the most destructive to human happiness, and which Providence seems to have placed as an attendant on secret guilt, to render condign punishment almost unnecessary. At length my anxieties were increased by an event, which, in other circumstances, would have added to my enjoyments. Maria weeping told me, that she was with child, and proposed our flying together to some obscure retreat, where she might conceal her infamy.

‘ Alarmed for her peace and safety much more than for my own, I consulted Parker in this new distress ; but instead of affording me advice or consolation, he reviled me for the very crime which he himself had prompted ; said I

was

was a villian for having seduced an innocent girl, without having the means to support or protect her.

‘ Too strong I felt the justice of his charge, either to refute or resent it. After much cruelty of expression on his part, and real sorrow on mine, he said, the only expedient that remained to save Maria’s character, or my own, was to obtain money from my mother, upon some pretence or other, and carry off my mistress to England, where she might pass for my wife, and I might easily procure the means of supporting her there ; at least till she was brought-to-bed, and able, as he termed it, to shift for herself.

‘ I had already drawn on my mother for much more than my usual allowance ; and though she had not refused my draughts, she had gently hinted that I must not expect any farther indulgence of that kind, for that it was not in her power to answer my demands, without depriving herself, and the rest of her family, of the necessary means of support. To write to her, therefore, upon this subject, could be of no use ;

so that he then proposed my going to see her, and trying what I could obtain by personal persuasion, as our *dernier resort*. He found me unequal to this act of dissimulation, and therefore offered to accompany me, in order to vouch every thing I should say.—I readily accepted his assistance. I wanted a support, indeed, on this occasion; but it should have been that of truth and honour, and not of a villain, to plunge me deeper still in guilt and misery.

‘ My ever dear, my tender mother received me with tears of joy; my sisters and my brother looked like smiling Cherubs; while I, with a whole Hell within my breast, appeared to my own conscience like the enemy of man, a serpent, in the bowers of Eden.—Parker became a favourite with the whole family, his manners being perfectly accommodating, and several days were passed in the most innocent and chearful amusements.

‘ At length I hinted my errand to my mother, who generously told me, she would share her last guinea with me, and that she was then luckily enabled
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to supply my wants, by having received an arrear of two hundred pounds (an old debt that had been due to my father) a few days before; and added, that she hoped half that sum would make me rich and happy for the present, and that she would be my banker for the remainder.

‘I was transported at her generosity, yet could not find words to express my feelings, from a consciousness that I was on the point of rendering her miserable, in return for her having made me, as she thought, happy.—I communicated this unhoped-for acquisition to Parker, who seemed not satisfied with the moiety, and advised me not to leave the house without the whole.

‘I told him I had rather die, than press so kind a guardian farther. He treated my delicacy with contempt, and said I must soon die, and Maria too, if we had nothing more than that sum to depend upon in a strange country. There was no argument he could use that could prevail on me to make a further demand; so that, at last, he proposed

posed that I should take it without her knowledge.

I shuddered at so vile a proposal—but he had gained an uncommon influence over my mind. He had a way of hurrying me into his purposes, and by repeatedly dwelling upon the distress which Maria might be exposed to in a foreign land, villain as I am, I at length consented to the deed; which we perpetrated on the Sunday following, when my mother and her little innocent family were gone to church, and perhaps at that moment were imploring blessings on my guilty head.

‘ We reached Dublin with the utmost dispatch our horses could make, and did not stop till we arrived at a tavern in the suburbs, at a place called Ring-end. Parker immediately set out to bring Maria to me, and to enquire if there was a ship ready to sail; for my guilt made me fearful of appearing abroad.—He was a braver villain. During his absence I was overwhelmed with remorse and anguish, and was prompted to confide Maria and half the money to his care, and return with the dishonest

dishonest part of it home again, and throw myself at my mother's feet. But my Evil Genius prevailed; and the fond idea of Maria's charms quickly put an end to the thought of quitting her for a moment.

‘ When she arrived, I embraced her with tears, and told her that my love for her had made me a villain, and rendered me unworthy of hers.—I was hurt at perceiving that she did not seem shocked at the recital of my crime; but, on the contrary, joined with Parker to laugh at my scruples. I soon found it had been settled between them, that he should accompany our flight. As he was an accomplice in the robbery I had committed, he thought it not safe to stay behind; and though I allowed the justice of his claim to share our fortune, I would have relinquished the guilty prize with pleasure to have been relieved from his company, which was now become irksome to me; as he seemed to treat me with the insolence of superiority upon all occasions, and continued to lead her in to join in ridiculing my *moral cowardice*, as they chose to call it.

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‘ We sailed, the next day, in the packet; and on our arrival at Holyhead, I expressed my concern lest the journey through Wales should fatigue Maria too much, in her present delicate situation. She quickly relieved my apprehensions on that subject, by saying, she thanked Heaven she was not with child, and hoped she never should be.—I felt myself disgusted at her speech; for exclusive of the deceit she had practised on me, there was something unfeminine in her mode of expression, which took off from the softness of her beauty, and seemed to render her features masculine.

‘ I became pensive and reserved, during our long journey; but on our arrival in London, the variety of new objects which engaged my attention, joined to the soothing blandishments of Maria, though her manners often alarmed me, helped to dispel the gloom, and I soon entered, with all the spirit of dissipation, into the numberless amusements with which that great City abounds.—Our finances declined apace, and Maria’s cheerfulness and vivacity seemed to sympathize with their decay.

‘ Parker

‘Parker then proposed our making a desperate push, with the last fifty that remained, by trying our fortune at a gaming-table. I objected my want of knowledge; which he seemed to think of no consequence, and said, that Fortune favoured the bold. But when he found I was not to be prevailed on, he with the utmost gaiety observed, that there was but one other resource left; and added, that he was ready to accompany me either to Hounslow, or Bagshot-Heath, the next morning, and wanted to go immediately and provide us pistols for the enterprize.

‘I expressed the utmost horror at this proposal. He grew outrageous at my declining it, called me half-blooded villain, and said, if I persisted in my refusal, he would turn evidence, and hang me for the robbery I had already committed.—Maria, who was present, interposed between us, and seemed to calm his passion. I quitted the room, and flung myself on my bed, in an agony of grief and rage but little short of distraction.

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‘ O let no innocent untainted mind believe there can be faith or friendship found, where Vice cements the league ! The monster who had betrayed me into guilt of every kind, now threatened to enforce the justice of the laws against the wretch whom he had made a criminal.

‘ Maria and Parker walked out together, and left me alone almost abandoned to despair. When they returned, she came into my chamber and begged I would try to be cheerful, and forget what was passed, as my friend was sincerely sorry for having offended me. She observed, that if we continued upon terms, we might perhaps be able to hit upon some scheme for our mutual support and advantage; and added, that we were too much in each other’s power to part; at least in anger.

‘ I felt the force of her last argument too powerfully to resist; and determined, the next day, to divide my small stock to the last shilling with Parker, and separate from him, if possible, in peace.— We supped together, and Maria appeared uncommonly cheerful

cheerful and agreeable. We sat up late, and drank more wine than usual. I felt my brain rather intoxicated, and soon fell into a profound sleep, in which I continued till near eleven o'clock in the morning.

‘When I awoke, I was not surprized at finding myself alone, as Maria used to rise early, and frequently walked in the Park before breakfast. I looked for my watch at the bed’s-head, where it usually hung, but could not find it; and upon opening the curtain, I saw my breeches lying on the floor, and the desk, where my little All was deposited, standing wide open. I bounced up, in the utmost anxiety, without knowing what I had to apprehend. I hurried on my cloathes, and ran into the dining-room; I called Maria, but in vain; I flew back to the desk, and found it empty; my cloathes, linnen, every thing was gone, excepting those that then covered me.

‘I stared wildly round me, and saw my sword hanging up with a bit of paper pinned to it. I snatched it eagerly, and found these words of Parker’s writing:

ting: "None but a coward wants the means of living, or dying, who has a sword in his hand." I gazed alternately at the weapon and the words; and fear I should have compleated my crimes, by using it according to the latter of Parker's hints, if the woman, in whose house we lodged, had not then tapped at the door. She came in without my speaking, and the moment she entered, I cried out, Where is she? and burst into a fit of tears. She stood amazed; but proceeded to inform me, that as my Lady had discharged the lodgings, and carried away her trunks, she hoped I would not take it ill if she brought up a gentleman to see the apartments, who wanted to come into it immediately.

' Without making her any reply, or knowing whither I was going, I ran down stairs, and rushed into the street. I walked, or rather flew, like a distracted wretch, for about two hours, without knowing where I was. At length I perceived the children laughing at me as I passed, and would have followed me if they had had sufficient speed. I then discovered that I had my night-cap on, and no hat. Trifling as this circumstance

cumstance was, in my situation, it recalled my recollection, and I determined to return to my lodging, and make every possible enquiry after my too fair, but faithless Maria.

‘ It was now high noon, and the streets crowded; I therefore sought to find my way back, by the most unfrequented paths I could pursue, and got into every little Alley and Court that I saw, without considering their direction. By this means I suppose I walked above twelve miles; and in the evening found myself in the fields that lead to Marybone. As it grew dusk, I enquired my way to Suffolk-street. I was laughed at by some, and set wrong by others. However, I at last arrived at our lodging-house, about ten o’clock at night.

‘ The maid-servant, who opened the door, told me, that her mistress was not at home, and that our apartments were lett, the moment I left them, to a gentleman and his servant, and of course there was no room for me. I begged of her to admit me into the parlour, and allow me to sit down, as
I was

I was quite exhausted with fatigue, and had many questions to ask her. She replied, that she had not time to satisfy my enquiries; and that as I had thought proper to go off without giving her any thing for her trouble, she did not chuse to be at any more upon my account; and bidding me good night, shut the door upon me.

“I rapped again, and enquired for my hat. She told me, that whatever was left in the lodgings she had always looked upon as her perquisite, and that she had sold it to the gentleman’s valet de chambre who lodged there, as she supposed I was gone to France with the rest of my company, and would never come back to ask questions about such an insignificant article; and again shut the door in my face.

“There could not possibly be, in the wildest desarts, a person in a more forlorn state, than that which I was reduced to; yet the passion I still had for Maria, and the strong resentment which I felt towards Parker, rendered me almost insensible to my own miseries. I continued to walk back and forward
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in the streets, sometimes leaning against rails to support my sinking weight, while I was able to crawl along.

At length, quite subdued with weakness and fatigue, I sat down on the steps of a door in the Hay-market, and covered my face with my hands, supporting them on my knees; unconscious of the dangers I was exposed to, from being found at midnight in such a situation, and so thoroughly absorbed in sorrow, as even to be insensible to the pressing calamities of cold and hunger.

I had not remained long in this place, when two females tripped up the steps and rapped gently at the door. My cloaths were of a dark colour and I had contracted my form into so small a compass, that they did not perceive me till the light, which the servant brought to the door, had rendered me visible. Upon discovering me they gave a little scream, and one of them hastily asked, who and what are you? I made no answer; but attempting to rise, my strenght forsook me, and I sunk down again to the earth.

‘ Their

‘ Their fright was increased by this accident, and they supposed me wounded and dying; they brought the light nearer to my face, which was pale, wild, and bedewed with tears; and one of them exclaimed, What a pity it is he should be killed! “ Would to heaven (I answered) that were the case, but I have no outward wounds.”

‘ They whispered for a minute, and then came and jointly assisted to raise me from the ground, almost by force, and brought me into the house. They were both young and handsome; and by their dress and manner I easily perceived they were of that unfortunate class of women, whom the villainy of our sex, and the *virtue* of their own, have excluded from the benefits of society.

‘ They chafed my hands, which were almost benumbed with cold, and forced me to accept of the only refreshment they had to offer, which were bread and a little brandy and water. They expressed an eager curiosity about my situation, which, however grateful I was for their kindness, I declined gratifying,

ying. After some little consultation between themselves, they told me they would take their maid to bed to them, and that I might, if I pleased, lye down on her's. I refused this offer, and only begged they would leave me a candle, and suffer me to remain where I was till day-break. They at length consented to my request, and retired.

' I passed the night as I had done the day, in a state of distraction; and waited as impatiently for the morning's dawn, as if I had hoped it would have brought a period to my misery. I had laid myself across some chairs to rest my limbs, and, notwithstanding the tumult of my mind, I insensibly fell a sleep. About nine o'clock my kind, my gentle hostesses awaked; and invited me to breakfast, which I accepted; and with many thanks for their hospitality, attempted to take my leave.

' They reminded me of the particularity of my figure, my uncombed locks, soiled features, and bare head, and requested that I would let their servant call a chair or coach to convey me to my home, where they were sure my absence must have occasioned infinite anxiety.

anxiety. I started at the name of Home, and answered, Alas! I have no home; I am an out-cast of society.'

'Upon which these generous unfortunates both at once exclaimed, 'Accept of this then till you can find a better, and we will both protect and serve you.' I was sensible of the highest gratitude towards these unhappy women, but could not be mean enough to accept of farther kindness from them, when I had not the least hope of ever repaying those I had already received.

'I requested they would let their servant go and dispose of my sword, and purchase me a hat of the plainest and coarsest kind. They complied with my desire, and the maid returned with her purchase, and two guineas and some silver in exchange. I instantly offered them half my wealth, for the trouble I had given them; but they peremptorily refused to receive any thing from me, and would not even suffer their servant to attend me to the door, for fear she should be less scrupulous.

'I continued for several days to wander

wander through the streets of London, looking earnestly into every carriage, shop, or window, where I saw a youthful female; but the beautiful, the elegant form of my Maria never again delighted my sad eyes.

‘ When quite worn-out with my fruitless pursuit, I sometimes went into a chop-house in the evening, and called for bread and cheese and a pint of porter; for as I could form no scheme of obtaining a fresh supply, I endeavoured to husband the little pittance I had left, in the fond hope of still being able to discover the treasure of my soul, and breathing out its last sigh before her.

‘ For such was the love, confidence, and esteem, I bore her, that I was apt to suspect my senses whenever I heard or saw her speak or act improperly; and even this strong marked proceeding of her’s raised but grief and astonishment in me at first; and to this moment I still retain a belief or hope in my mind, that she could never have been a willing accomplice in such a villainy, and must have been betrayed from me by deceit, or hurried away by violence

violence and surprise; so truly and so fondly does my heart still doat upon her!

‘ One day when I had finished my scanty meal, I happened to take up a News-paper which lay before me, and, among the articles from Ireland, saw myself described, and a reward offered to any person who should give an account of me to my tender and disconsolate mother, with a full assurance of perfect forgiveness and reconciliation if I would return. The tears gushed so plentifully from my eyes, on reading this Advertisement, that I was obliged to rise and go out of the house with the utmost precipitation. As I walked along, almost lost in thought, I was unfortunate enough to be involved in a crowd, who were attending a ballad singer; and before I could extricate myself from it, my pockets were picked even of my last shilling.

‘ I now determined that I would return, like the Prodigal, implore my mother’s pardon, and intreat her to purchase me a commission in some regiment that was stationed either in America

rica or the Indies, where I was utterly unknown; and where I might have an opportunity of redeeming my character, or of laying down a life which was now become a burthen to me.

‘ The next morning, as soon as the shops were open, I went into Monmouth-Street, and parted with the cloaths I had on, in exchange for those I now wear, and received seven shillings as the balance between them. With half this money I bought an additional shirt, and then set out on foot on my way to Ireland.

‘ Near Highgate I overtook the waggoner whose prisoner I first appeared before you. At our that night’s stage, he asked me to partake of the supper that was provided for him and others of his fraternity. I then thought it a sumptuous feast, but declined his offer, from my inability to pay my portion: I was, however, prevailed on to join in the mess; and when I had discharged my part of the reckoning, in the morning I had but a single shilling left. I then began to despair of prosecuting my journey, and was often

temped to lay myself down in some lonely spot, and never more attempt to rise again.

‘ The honest waggoner sometimes shared his bread and cheese with me upon the road, and when he saw me faint with fatigue, would let me ride, while he walked by my side and conversed with me. In these conversations he boasted so much of his substance and independence, that I at last ventured to request he would lend me a couple of guineas to carry me over to Dublin. This he refused; but it did not abate his kindness towards me, notwithstanding; for at the last night’s stage he insisted on my supping with him, at free cost, which I did.

‘ When we lay down to rest, I began to ruminate on my miserable situation; I knew I was next day to part with this man, who had prevented my perishing for the preceding week; I felt every honest and grateful sentiment for his kindness; even looked upon him as my friend; and yet was tempted to commit the theft with which I am charged,

ed, and for which I shall willingly suffer the death I have so justly deserved.

‘ As soon as I had taken the money, I fled, as if pursued by millions; but, alas! I could not fly from my own thoughts! I loaded myself with abuse, and founded the words, *ungrateful Villain!* a thousand times to my own ears. In short, no longer able to endure my own reproaches, I determined to return and restore the money, as I found the idea even of perishing for want less painful than what I suffered from my self-conviction.

‘ The rest of my story, Sir, you are already acquainted with: but remember, that your humanity in seeming interested in my distress, and not a mean and contemptible view or desire of prolonging my wretched life, has drawn forth the recital of its misfortunes and miseries; and my sole request now is, that you will conceal my name and family, and suffer me to be tried, and take my fate by the name, I have upon this occasion assumed, of Martin.’

Mr. S——le said every thing that
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was possible to relieve the prisoner's mind, and quitted him, for that night, after giving orders that he should be released from his irons, and supplied with every necessary of life at his expence. The next morning he sent for the waggoner, who seemed to lament his being bound to prosecute the youth, and said, "He had not a wink of sleep about him all night, and that as how he should lose twice the value of his recognizance in being detained by the sessions and sises; and declared he would rather forfeit his surety, if no other evil could come of it, than stay to hang the lad."

This favourable disposition in the waggoner was fondly cherished by my humane friend, who told him that the worst he had to apprehend was the mulct; that fines were often reduced, upon consideration of circumstances; that he would speak to the point himself, and take the proper care of him in his absence. Thus did this most excellent Magistrate act in this business, as Providence is sometimes said to do in other cases, by leading second causes so to operate as to effect its purposes, without
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any manner of constraint upon free-will.

This had its desired end; for Dobbin went whistling back with his team to London the next day, and did not return to Liverpool till after the assizes, when the young man was acquitted, as no prosecutor appeared; and on his being discharged from confinement, he was immediately taken home to Mr. S——le's house.

I shall not take up the reader's time with a description of poor Hartford's expressions of gratitude to his humane patron; they were, as they ought to be, without bounds, and Mr. S——le seemed resolved to make his goodness to him so likewise; for he thought the saving of his life but half a kindness, unless he should provide him with such means of subsistence as might prevent his necessities from involving him again in some other guilt or danger of the same kind.

He had him immediately completely clothed, and having, by a little hymn he composed in his confinement,

ment, and sent to Mr. S——le, found out that he wrote a good hand, he took him into his computing-house, one morning, as one of his clerks; and placing him at a desk, desired that his first act there should be to write a penitential letter to his mother, intreat her forgiveness, and give her an account of his present situation, but without affording the least hint of the unhappy circumstance which had led to this event.

The young man's behaviour and expressions upon this occasion, were remarkable and affecting. He first stood for near a minute without the least motion, then attempted twice to speak, but could not utter a syllable, till after the more copious language of tears had first expressed his grateful feelings; next throwing himself at his feet, prayed fervently for blessings on his generous benefactor, but, at the same time, most earnestly begged leave to decline his proffered kindness.

I do not, in the least, suspect myself, said he, notwithstanding my late misfortunes, but I shall be suspected by others; at least, my being stationed
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in this office, may afford too great a latitude to the other persons intrusted in it along with me, as their frauds might so obviously be imputable to me; and though ever so honest in my own actions, others might possibly be tempted too far, upon the presumption of screening their trespasses behind my unhappy forfeit character.'

The good sense, prudence, and virtue of the young man's reflection charmed Mr. S——le, and he therefore accepted of his apology; but desired that he would remain still in his house, as a friend and guest, till he should receive an answer from his mother, with her forgiveness and concurrence in the scheme he had before purposed, as already related, of raising a sum on the family patrimony to purchase him a commission abroad.

But while this matter was depending, Mr. S——le happened to freight a ship for Jamaica; and in order to give Hartford some employment in the interim, offered to send him out his supercargo for that venture; adding, that his principal reason for it, was to

give him an opportunity of reconciling him to himself, by recovering his own confidence and esteem again, by a faithful discharge of his trust.

This kindness the joyful Hartford most readily accepted of; as the objections he had before made to the acting jointly with others, in the office and warehouse business, were obviated in this case. "For in this trust said he I stand alone, and shall be answerable only for my own conduct: and I have, thank God, and your favour, Sir, already recovered a confidence in myself; but shall, alas! never be able to regain my own esteem, after the baseness of that act which has so justly forfeited it to my mind for ever."

I am heartily sorry to be obliged to close my Narrative here, with an account of this poor unhappy young man's death; which happened soon after his arrival at Jamaica. He was ill when he set sail; the emotions of his mind had been too strong for the constitution of his body; he was endued with such a tenderness of soul, that I dare say the kindness of Mr. S——le affected
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ed him almost as much as his misfortune, and had he been transported for for the fact, it is my opinion he might have been still alive.

He fell into a consumption at sea, and died in the Island the day after he had delivered over the cargo according to its consignment; spending his last moments in blessing the generous instrument of Providence, who had saved a valuable soul from death, though unable to preserve a worthless body from the grave.

The reader, I hope, will indulge me in one reflection here upon the subject; This young man appears to have been endowed with a most excellent nature, in his first principles; but not having resolution or firmness sufficient to withstand both passion and example, he was led into error more through weakness than vice. And there is no maxim more certain than this, That it is the *companion*, and not the *preceptor*, which is the most sovereign guide of youth.

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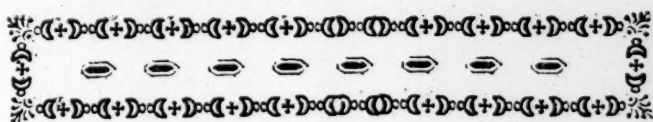
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T R I U M P H

O F

C O N S T A N C Y.

B Y T H E S A M E.

ABOUT the year 1722, a person of the name of Thomas came to settle in a Village near Drogheda, in the Kingdom of Ireland. He brought with him two beautiful children, a son and a daughter; the boy, whose name was William, was about twelve years of age, and the little Anna about ten. Thomas rented a considerable farm, and was by much the most industrious and active man in his neighbourhood. He introduced a different kind of husbandry from what the natives had been used to, and the produce of his grounds was more in proportion than that of any of the Farmers near him.

The common Irish, though naturally hospitable and humane to strangers, are wedded to their customs, and look with a scornful

a scornful and jealous eye upon any innovation. It was not, therefore, till after some years experience both of his sense and goodness, that his neighbours regarded Thomas as a compatriot and friend; but his many acts of humanity and kindness at length triumphed over their prejudices, and they began to consider Farmer Thomas as the Father of the Village. Notwithstanding the constant labour incident to his profession, our Farmer attended closely to the education of his children. William was sent daily to a grammar-school in the neighbourhood, nor was he ever suffered to go through any of the laborious part of the farming-business, or to pass the heat of the day in the fields. Those hours were peculiarly devoted to his studies, and to the pleasure he took in improving the mind of his lovely, and beloved sister. The fond attachment of these young people was remarkable throughout the Village, and Lovers used to boast to their mistresses, a tenderness equal to William's for Anna.

If, in the course of his occupation, William was detained but an hour later than usual from home, the tear stood trembling

trembling in Anna's eye, till William's presence, like the morning sun, dried up the pearly dew; and if any of the Village lads seemed to gaze on Anna with a Lover's eye, the roses would forsake poor William's cheek, and he would sigh, as if his heart was breaking: "Anna, my dear Anna (would he sometimes say to her), how happy should I be in the title of your brother, if I did not fear that there is yet a dearer tie, that may, perhaps, a few years hence, engross all your affections, and that the tenderness of a sister will be swallowed up in the fondness of a Wife: you will give your whole heart to a husband, and William will not live when Anna ceases to regard her brother."

‘Why must I marry? (the smiling maid would answer) I am as happy as I can wish to be; all my affections are engrossed by our dear father and yourself; my heart cannot contain another love; and till I see a youth that can surpass my William in kindness to his Anna——’——“Oh, that will never be (he quick exclaimed), and Anna will be William's sister all her days’

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While they thus continued expressing their innocent and mutual tenderness, Farmer Thomas returned one day from the fields, holding a letter in his hand, his brow seeming overcast with sorrow. Anna was the first to run and embrace her father: "Retire, my child (said he), I wish to speak to William quite alone."—The duteous maid blushed at this seeming repulse of her filial affection, and her fond heart trembled, lest William should have offended his father.

2 As soon as she was gone—"William (said the farmer), you must prepare to quit us instantly! A person waits at some small distance with horses to convey you hence. You are going to launch into a world to which you are a stranger; may the all-gracious Providence continue its protection to my more than child! and may the lessons of probity and honour which you have received beneath this humble roof, guide and direct your conduct in a more exalted, but perhaps less happy state!" He could no more, his sighs now stopped his utterance, and he fell on William's neck.

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The astonished youth cried out, "What is my crime? Why am I banished from my father's sight? —Does Anna too go with me?"—"No, William, you must part from her and me at once, and part without even bidding her farewell."—"Then my return will be as swift, my father, as my departure is precipitate—yet let me speak one word to my dear sister." At that instant the person entered who was to conduct William from all his heart held dear. Thomas embraced his darling youth, and said, You must obey this Gentleman."—Then turning to the latter,—"There is your charge; and, oh! may Heaven preserve him!"

William had ever been accustomed to pay an implicit obedience to his father's will. Thomas had too much sense and virtue to impose hardships upon his children, or to suffer them to warp his authority, when his commands were once declared, either by tears or blandishments; it did not therefore appear possible for William to attempt the smallest opposition to what he considered as the first severe trial of his duty and he accordingly set out, in sorrow and silence, with his new guide.

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The distance from Drogheda to Dublin is not above twenty miles, yet it seemed to William like a thousand leagues; his anxiety increased with the distance that removed him from his peaceful home; and when they reached the Capital, about the close of the evening he had a wild eagerness in his countenance that almost distorted his features, and made him appear rather an alarming than a pleasing object.

After traversing numberless streets, all new to William, his guide stopped at a magnificent house, shewed him into a parlour, and desired he would wait his return, in silence. It was impossible for William to obey the latter part of this injunction. He was no sooner alone, than he burst forth into the tenderest exclamations at being torn from his Anna without the indulgence of a fond adieu, and uttered to himself the most fervent resolutions of returning to his father and sister by the morning's dawn.

In about an hour his Conductor returned, and led him by the hand into a chamber where a Lady lay, seemingly at the point of death: close by the
bed-

bed-side sat a very old Gentleman, and near him stood a comely Youth of about twelve years of age. The moment William entered the chamber, the dying Lady made an effort to raise herself, and stretching forth her hand to him, said, "Come near, my child, and receive the last embrace and parting blessing of an expiring mother."; William's whole soul was absorbed in transport at these tender sounds: the voice of maternal fondness had never struck his ear—it seemed as if he had acquired a new sense, and that the harmony of the spheres was then become vocal to him. He flew and prostrated himself at his mother's bed-side, gazed on her languid face with pain and pleasure, and bathed her trembling hand with his fast-falling tears. While his mother embraced and mixed her tears with his, she turned to the old Gentleman, and said, "Thank Heaven, I now shall die in peace! I have done justice to my child! Receive him Sir, as yours; his countenance bespeaks his understanding, and his sensibility is a proof of virtue. My William, bend your knee to your now almost only parent;

parent; for soon, my child, your mother will be dust."

William, quite frantic with grief, cried out, And, oh! have I found this treasure, this dear mother, even in the moment that I am to lose her!—"Do not indulge your sorrows (she replied); rather rejoice for me, my child, that the wished hour draws near, when I shall terminate a life of woe. Now, Sir, said she, addressing the old Gentleman, who seemed wrapt in thought, and delivering a packet of papers to him, here are the incontestable proofs of my unhappy marriage with your son, and the certificate of my William's birth. To Providence and you I intrust him; and may your justice to him atone for the cruelties I have suffered, and entitle you to pardon and to mercy!" Then again embracing William, she added, "Retire, my child; my spirits faint with this exertion: I hope again to see you, and breathe forth my last sigh on your dear bosom."

William, drowned in tears, was conducted into another apartment. The Youth whom he had seen in his mother's

ther's chamber came to him, and with the utmost kindness endeavoured to console his sorrows. " You are my brother (said he) ; and though I miss a fortune, by the discovery your mother has now made, I think such a relation as you seem to be, so great an acquisition, that I shall never regret the loss, if you will but love me as my heart tells me that I shall deserve from you."

Though plunged in grief, William's heart was too susceptible of tenderness to reject a brother's kindness: he embraced the young Henry, and begged him to explain the meaning of that interesting scene, in which he had so lately been an actor.

All that I can tell you (said Henry) is, that *our* father was the only son of that old Gentleman you saw in the chamber, who sent him abroad for education; during which time, it now appears, that he privately married the dying Lady, who is your mother; and when our grandfather recalled him to Ireland, the old Gentleman compelled his son to marry another Lady, who was my mother, with whom he lived about five years, and died of a consumption.

sumption. My mother did not long survive him, and I have hitherto been brought up as the sole heir of our grandfather's immense possessions, to which I most readily relinquish my claim, if by so doing I may acquire the happy exchange of an affectionate brother."

William made every possible return to his brother's kindness; for though, from the manner in which he had been brought up, he was insensible to the value of riches, and therefore could not estimate the sacrifice which Henry made him at its full rate, yet still he felt, that such a voluntary privation must arise from an effort of generosity, and he was thankful to the giver, without highly regarding the gift. But he was not equally indifferent to the tender feelings of filial and fraternal love; his heart seemed to expand with these new claims, and a mother and a brother were to him more acceptable treasures than all the wealth of the Peruvian mines.

The quick succession of unlooked-for events which had befallen William in the space of a few hours, had rendered his

his mind a perfect chaos : but he was no sooner left alone to pass the night in his apartment, than a ray of joy broke through the mist, developed his ideas, and shewed him the supreme felicity which awaited him, in the fond hope of a still nearer connection than that of a brother with his beloved Anna. The gifts of fortune no longer seemed beneath his regard ; they would raise the object of his affection to a situation worthy of her charms and virtues ; and they would afford him the heart-felt transport of repaying his obligations to his more than father, by placing the worthy Thomas in a state of ease and affluence.

These pleasing reveries engrossed his thoughts the greater part of the night, and rendered him incapable of rest. With the earliest dawn, his contemplations were disturbed by a summons to attend his now expiring mother : she again embraced and blessed him ; expressed her gratitude for the parental care her faithful friend had taken of his youth ; and breathed her parting sigh on William's breast. His anguish was extreme, and it was with much difficulty

he

he was removed from the lifeless form of her who gave him being.

When the last duties had been paid to the remains of his dead mother, William expressed his wishes of returning to the dear friends he had left in the country; and desired Henry to obtain his grandfather's permission for that purpose. Sir Henry Nugent (so was the old Gentleman called) was highly offended at his grandson's request; he commanded him into his presence immediately, and spoke to him in the following manner:

“ My mind, young man, has been so much employed by the extraordinary and unsatisfactory tale that your mother has promulged with her last breath, that I have not yet had leisure to search for the corroborating proofs of her story in the nobleness of your principles and sentiments; but if you are, as that woman boasted——”

“ That woman, Sir!” exclaimed the youth.

Hear me in silence, Sir (replied the Knight). If you really are descended from

from my family, and that the blood of Nugent fill your veins, you will immediately abjure all further connections with those sordid peasants who have brought you up, perhaps, with principles as mean as their vocation: you will raise your thoughts to higher prospects; and by entering directly into an alliance which I have in a view for you, strive to lose the contemptible ideas which your disgraceful education may have given you, in the society of those who are my equals."

"I, Sir! (cried William)—I abjure the worthy man who was my more than father! No, Sir, it is impossible; the blood that fills my veins, from whatsoever source it may be derived, is rich at least in gratitude, and my heart triumphs in the joyful thought of repairing the injuries of fortune to the best of men, and elevating worth and virtue like my Anna's to its proper sphere."

SIR Henry could no longer contain his resentment: "Insensible and grovelling wretch (he cried)! I am now convinced the tale thy mother told was all a lie, and she a vile impostor. The forgeries

forgeries, which she called proofs, of thy relation to a noble family, are luckily at this moment in my hands, and thus I sacrifice thy vain pretensions, to which the meanness of thy heart too clearly shews thou hast no real claim."— So saying, he threw the packet, which William's mother had entrusted to his care, into the fire, and thus went on: "Return, poor sordid slave, and till that earth thou wert not born to be the Lord of; make thy connections with thy fellow-peasants, and let me never see thee more."

The violence and suddenness of Sir Henry's behaviour had surprised William so much, that he was almost petrified, and stood for several minutes without motion after Sir Henry had left the room. All the delightful prospects which had occurred to his youthful mind, of receiving happiness upon the truest principles, that of bestowing it, now vanished like a dream, nor for a time could he thoroughly believe that he was awake. Yet still the pleasing hope that he might be united to his Anna by the tenderest bonds, inspired his heart, and roused him from the stupor of astonishment.

Yes,

“Yes, I will go (he cried), and unite my fate with virtue, such as never inhabited these gilded walls, except while my poor mother’s parting spirit deigned to reside within the hateful mansion. If it still hovers o’er this scene of cruelty and injustice, it will applaud my conduct, and self-approving conscience shall bless my days with innocence and Anna; while those I leave behind—”

At that instant the young Henry flew into William’s arms. “Do not involve me in your hatred, brother! Far from rejoicing in the loss you have sustained, my heart is breaking for my own; no wealth can make poor Henry an amends for such a brother: and, oh! I fear you will not love me, because I am the unhappy, but innocent cause of our grandfather’s cruelty to you!”

William’s heart was melted by his brother’s kindness, and he assured him he should ever retain the truest fraternal affection for him; and as he should never think of disturbing him in the possession of a fortune to which he no longer aspired, he said, he hoped that on these terms they might ever be friends,

and begged that Henry would write to him ; then folded his weeping brother in his arms, and left his grandfather's house directly after.

William set out for the friendly farm that had fostered his infant years, with sentiments even more perplexed than those with which he left it: Fear is ever an attendant upon true love, and he doubted whether his Anna would accept for a husband, the man whom she had so long considered in the light of a brother. Even the good, the friendly Thomas might, he feared, refuse to bestow his daughter upon one who was now an outcast from his own family, and who could bring no addition of rank or wealth to his.

Filled with these apprehensions, he journeyed slowly and thoughtfully along till he arrived at the hospitable Cottage. On his entrance, Thomas seemed to express more surprize than joy at his return, while the artless Anna rushed into his arms, and bursting into tears, cried out, " It is, it is my brother !"

William's whole soul was occupied
in

in joy and tenderness; he forgot every disagreeable sensation he had felt since their separation; he clasped the lovely maid to his bosom, and exclaimed in transport, "No power on earth shall ever part us more!"

"Rash young man (said Thomas)! Is it thus you repay the kindness of a father, by striving to destroy the happiness of his child? You know that Anna is no more your sister, nor shall you ever stand in any other degree of relationship to her." So saying, he took his daughter by the hand, and led her to her chamber. At Thomas's return into their little parlour, William threw himself at his feet. "Will you forsake and cast me off (he cried), abandoned as I am by the whole world beside? If so, life is a burthen that I will not long endure, deprived of your affection and my Anna's love."

I do not understand you, Sir (replied Thomas); are you not now the rich and powerful heir of Sir Henry Nugent? whose pride, I know, would never condescend to let you wed my daughter; and you, Sir, must also know,

that the blackest act of baseness and ingratitude which human nature could be guilty of, would be that of seducing her affections, and rendering her, and me of course unhappy."

Far be the impious thought from William's breast (exclaimed the honest youth)! No, my father—still will I call you by that honoured name; were it within my power, I would make a ten times greater sacrifice than I have already made, to prove my love and constancy to Anna"—He then repeated to him all that had passed from the time of their separation; and concluded with imploring his consent to unite his fate with his lovely daughter's.

Thomas remained inflexible.—"No, Sir (said he), it shall not be; I never will consent to your justifying your grandfather's inhumanity, by giving him a pretence for it. I will see this haughty Baronet, and urge the justice of your claim from my own knowledge; and though nature and conscience have not been able to plead in your behalf, his pride may make him do you right, from the conscious shame of knowing,
that

that so poor a man as I am must otherwise think, nay, and proclaim him too, a villain."

Thomas set out in a few days after for Dublin, having first removed Anna to a friend's house, at a small distance from his own, where she was not permitted to receive either visits or letters from her beloved William.

Thomas appeared before Sir Henry Nugent with that firmness which conscious virtue gives. He told him he had received William, when an infant, from the hands of his father and mother at Avignon; who both declared the legality of their union, and deplored the necessity they were under of keeping it secret, from the fear of offending both their parents:—"For (added he) the mother of the youth was descended from a family full as noble as your own, who would have resented her matching clandestinely with your son, as much as you could have done the disobedience on his part."

Perhaps, Sir (said the Baronet, with a
F 3 sarcastic

farcaſtic ſmile), the Lady might have been your relation."

"I own it, Sir (ſaid Thomas), and though unfortunate, as I know ſhe was virtuous, I glory in the title of her Kinfman."

"Inſolent fellow (replied Sir Henry)! begone this moment from my fight, nor dare to inſult the honour of my family, by ſuppoſing my ſon could be ſo baſe to match with ſuch plebeian meaneſs. Begone, I ſay, or my ſervants ſhall chaſtiſe your audacity, and ſpurn you into the ſtreet."

Thomas was now convinced, that his young Ward had nothing to hope from the juſtice or humanity of his grandfather, and, full of honeſt indignation, he ſhook the duſt from off his feet, and left the houſe. He did not, however, return home immediately, but travelled on to the County of Kilkenny, which was the place of his nativity. There he collected authentic proofs of his birth and family, and without making himſelf known to any relations,
journeyed

journeyed back again to his own habitation.

Thomas's history may be comprized in a few words. His real name was Butler; his father was a Cadet of the Ormond family, and Thomas, when a youth, had followed the fortunes of the last Duke of that illustrious title. He had continued with him while he remained in France, and there married a Lady of rank and fortune, who died in child-bed of the little Anna. When the Duke went into Spain, Mr. Butler, as we shall now call him, came to England, and brought with him his daughter, and the son of his friend and relation who had been committed to his care. He arrived about the year 1719, and risked the small remains of his fortune in the whirlpool bubble of the South Sea Scheme, and was, like thousands more, undone.

That noble spirit of independence which is inherent to generous minds, soon determined Mr. Butler to that plan of life which we have seen him steadily pursue, and in which his industry was crowned with deserved success.

The pride, if we may call it so, natural to high birth, made him conceal his name and family in the humiliating situation of a farmer; but he thought it now proper to assert his rank, in honour of the dead Mrs. Nugent and her son.—Furnished, as I have already said, with authentic proofs of his identity, he claimed his Arms from the Heralds Office, and conveyed them, with a copy of the register of his birth, in a letter to Sir Henry Nugent, in which he told him, that though he was fully intitled to call him to an account for the insolence of his behaviour, the injustice of his conduct had rendered him so much his inferior, that he could not think of regarding himself by meeting him on equal terms, but left him to the stings of his conscience: which, he hoped, would awaken him to a proper remorse, before he was summoned to a trial in which he should be obliged to give in evidence against himself.

At Mr. Butler's return to his house, he found his much-loved William lying delirious in a fever. The agitation which his youthful spirits had suffered, in the trying scenes he had gone through,

through, had brought on his disorder; and the agonies he felt at being, as he thought, for ever deprived of his dear Anna's sight, had raised it to a height that seemed to baffle all those simple medicines which his friendly neighbours had administered to him. He raved incessantly upon his Anna, and called her father cruel and inhuman; begged but to see her once, and close his eyes for ever.

Mr. Butler immediately dispatched messengers for a physician and his daughter; the arrival of the latter was sufficient; William's reason and his happiness returned with Anna, and he was soon pronounced out of danger by his nominal doctor.

William's passion seemed to grow with his strength, and he incessantly implored Mr. Butler to give his consent to his marriage, or to his seeking an honourable grave, by entering a volunteer into the army. The sad idea of William's departure soon drove the roses from poor Anna's cheeks, and her pale face and languid eyes were powerful, though silent petitioners to her fond father.

He at length relented, and calling them together, said, " My children, I have seemed obdurate to your wishes, only for your sakes. Slight passions will not abide the trials that your union is like to draw upon you; distress and difficulties soon lose the trifling band of youthful fondness; but a sincere and virtuous love is able to surmount, or at least stand firm against, all the accumulated ills of fortune. I have proved ye both, and seen the strength of your affections in its perseverance; then take my daughter, William, with my consent and blessing, they are all I have to give; but know, young man, when you receive this dowerless maid before the altar, you marry with your equal; with one who would do honour to your choice, were you at this moment possessed of all your grandfather's injustice withholds from you. I now shall trust you with a secret, but it must remain so; for as ye still must dwell beneath this humble roof, and eat the bread of industry, how sweet we all have proved, it would but expose to scorn or pity, the prouds man's charity, to boast a rank our fortunes cannot rise to. The names of Butler and of Nugent must be
now

now forgotten; and Thomas, William, and their much-loved Anna, be still our only titles; but let our virtues exalt those simple names to terms of honour; and let the consciousness of what we are, inspire us to fill our several stations as we ought, nor think of superiority over the meanest of our friends and neighbours, but in goodness."

He then acquainted William with his name and family, and with every thing that had passed between him and Sir Henry Nugent.

It would be needless to describe the transports of the enamoured William when he arrived at the summit of his felicity, by receiving Anna for his bride. Suffice is to say, that their happiness was permanent and pure as their affections, and that they were the wonder of their little world for conjugal and filial tenderness. In the course of three years Anna presented her husband with two lovely boys, whose early education now became the care of Thomas, as he grew too much enfeebled by years to labour as he formerly had done; but William's industry amply supplied that

that want, and their cottage was called, by all their neighbours, The House of Happiness.

Seven years thus passed away, and seemed but as a summer to them all; when, one day, William returning from his daily occupation, saw a carriage, attended by several servants, stop at a little distance from the house, and a Gentleman dressed in mourning alight from it and come towards him. The blooming Anna, regardless of the stranger whom she saw, was coming out to meet her husband with the best produce of their garden in her lap, to assuage the noon-tide heat, while Thomas sat upon a grass-plat near, his little grandsons climbing up his knees. The stranger at first stood motionless, gazing upon the pleasing sight; then rushing forwards with impetuosity, he darted into William's arms, crying out, "It is my brother!" William received the caresses of the stranger with a mingled sensation of joy and reserve; his heart warmed in the fraternal embrace, at the recollection of young Henry's features; but it also occurred to his remembrance, that his brother had not once written,

written, or enquired after him, for more than seven years.

“ I read your just resentment in your looks, my brother (said the young Henry), but condemn me not for involuntary crimes. On our first separation I wrote to you repeatedly, but received no answer. At length our grandfather candidly owned he had secreted all my letters, and sternly declared, that if I persisted in corresponding with you, I should be as much an alien to his heart and fortune as you were: the latter, he informed me, was intirely in his own power, and if I did not then enter into a solemn promise to hold no farther commerce with you, he would bequeath his wealth to some more distant relation, and turn me out a wanderer to the world. What could I do? I promised, and obeyed. It is now about a week since my grandfather expired, and left me heir to all his wealth. But no will, since contrary to my own, shall exclude you from your just rights, which I now come to resign into your possession, and to receive a younger brother's portion from your bounty; and
ong, very long, may my much-loved
brother,

brother, now Sir Will. Nugent, enjoy his rank and fortune !”

“ Noble youth (exclaimed old Mr. Butler) ! the blood of Nugent is revived in thee ; and blush not to receive a sister, and these children, though meanly clad, thy equals both in birth and virtue.”

The glad tidings of William’s exaltation was quickly spread around the neighbouring Villages ; every heart rejoiced in his good fortune, and owned he merited his elevation ; every tongue poured forth blessings on him and his amiable family ; and every eye dropped tears of tenderness when they departed from The House of Happiness.

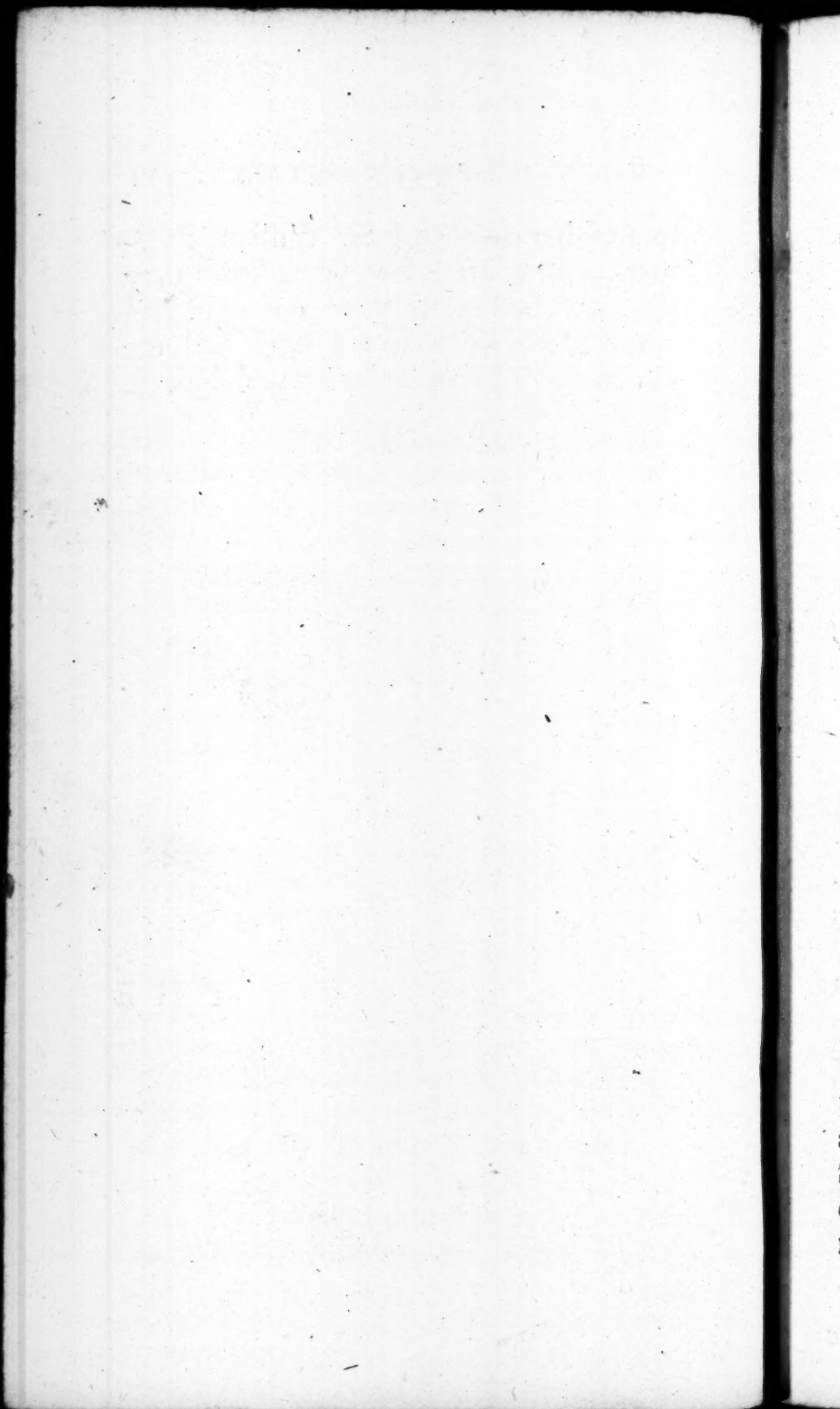
Sir William took possession of his family-seat and fortune, and made a provision for his brother worthy of them both. Mr. Butler spent the remainder of his days with his son and daughter in affluence and tranquillity, and resigned his breath in his loved Anna’s arms.

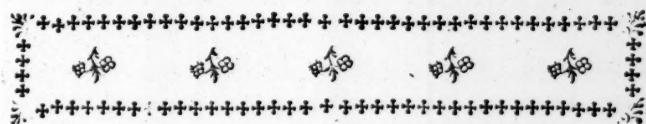
Lady Nugent bore many sons and daughters, who are the worthy inheritors

THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY. III

tors of her own and Sir William's virtues; and a very few years since they still remained patterns of conjugal and parental affection to all who had the happiness of knowing or conversing with them.

T H E





T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
L O U I S A,
B Y T H E S A M E.

AS there is no passion incident to the human mind which operates so strongly on the happiness or misery of life as Love, so there is none to which the young and innocent of the softer sex give way to with less caution or reflection. For their sakes then, who, guiltless themselves, suspect no fraud in others, I wish the following authentic little Tale to be made public, as a kind of beacon to my Fair Readers, to warn them against the perfidy of Men. This Story is not embellished with any episode, as it is no fable, but a literal matter of fact.

Louisa

Louisa was the only child of Mr. Hartington, an opulent merchant in Liverpool; and though she had the misfortune to lose her mother in her sixth year, the tenderness of a fond father, as far as it was possible, supplied that want, by affording her every species of education that her sex, even in an higher rank of life, are thought capable of. Her natural talents more than kept pace with the advantages of her education; so that, at sixteen years old, she was deemed not only the most beautiful, but most accomplished young person in that part of the world.

The united charms of her mind and form, joined to the almost certain prospect of her possessing a large fortune, drew a crowd of admirers round her; but none of them were happy enough to touch the gentle heart of the amiable Louisa.—As she marked no preference, she gave no offence; but few are the hearts in which Love is so firmly rooted as to subsist without hope; and, by degrees, many of her sighing slaves withdrew, in expectation of finding a kinder, though less perfect mistress elsewhere.

There

There was, however, among her train, one true votary to Cupid, whom I shall call William Selby.

Her charms, her mind, her virtue
 he explor'd,
 Admiring; soon was Admiration
 chang'd
 To love, nor lov'd he sooner than
 despair'd.

From a friendly connection between their families, this youth, though some years older than Louisa, had been bred in the strictest intimacy with her, and she not being blessed with a brother, had bestowed on him that mild sort of affection, compounded of tenderness and respect, which such a relation claims. His attachment to her, as I have already said, was of a much more ardent nature; but the difference of their prospects in life, joined to the generosity of his disposition, which wished not to debase, but to exalt the sovereign of his soul, made him determine to keep his passion secret, "and in smiles conceal his anguish." For, alas! William, though descended from a noble family, was but the son of clergyman, who, with an humane

humane and benevolent heart, found it difficult to support a large family upon 200l. a year.

William was originally designed for the Church; but the uncertainty of finding even a provision for himself in that sacred calling, as he was not allied to any Bishop; and his earnest desire of being useful to his family, for he was the tenderest of sons, as well as of lovers, determined him to quit a collegiate life, before he had obtained his degrees, and seek for fortune in a busier scene.

By the interest of Louisa's father he was appointed a Writer in the India Company's service; and the pleasing probability of obtaining wealth, and of dispensing it to those he loved, would have filled his mind with the most delightful sensations, if the sad idea of parting from Louisa had not cast a gloom on all his hopes of happiness, and darkened the bright prospect.

As the time of his departure approached, his melancholy increased; and he found it would be impossible to tear himself from his adored Louisa, if he
were

were to attempt the bidding her adieu. He therefore resolved to take his leave by letter; and left the following lines to be delivered to her by his favourite sister, as soon as it was known that he had sailed.

T O L O U I S A.

“ My ever dear, and, ah! too charming friend! think what must be the situation of thy William’s heart, when the sole image of delight it can receive, is that of giving a momentary pain to thine.—Yes, selfish as I am, I exist but in the hope that my Louisa’s gentle breast will heave a sigh, and her bright eyes be quenched in flowing tears, while she peruses this last adieu of her adoring, her despairing lover.—Ah! start not at the fond presumptuous phrase, Louisa! but remember, that he who writes, has never dared to utter it.—That Power alone, who knows his inmost thoughts, has seen his anguish; and to that Power he bends, in earnest prayer, to beg for blessings on thee, unmindful of himself.—Thine is the medium of thy William’s happiness;
in

in that alone he wishes to blest.—Adieu
——a long adieu !”

Though Louisa had never yet experienced either the transports or the pangs of Love, she had a heart susceptible of the most melting tenderness; and William’s letter produced more permanent effects upon her mind than he could have imagined. Sorrow was a new guest in her gentle bosom, and she seemed to welcome the stranger with the same degree of fondness, that its opposite, Joy, is in general received. In short, her chearfulness declined, and even the opening roses on her cheek were supplanted by the lilly. Alarmed at her situation, though ignorant of its cause, her father proposed her spending the winter in London, where she had not been since she left school; her obedience was ever the shadow to his will, except when she could divine his thoughts, and then it was their harbinger, preventing his command.

They set out together for the Capital, where he placed her in the care of his sister, the widow of Sir John Morton;
and”

and, after spending a few days in London, took the tenderest leave of his darling daughter, and returned, now doubly a widower, to Liverpool.

The splendor and novelty of those scenes in which Louisa was now engaged, produced their natural effect on a young mind ; yet was not William forgotten in the midst of her gaiety ; and a bright drop would often tremble in her eye, when either a similarity of person, or any other circumstance, recalled him to her imagination.

Numberless were the conquests which Louisa made in her new circle ; but there was one, and only one, whose homage she accepted with pleasure. To all the tender assiduities which she had been accustomed to receive from William, he joined the fondest, warmest speech of Love ; a moment's absence was an age to him ; and he complained, in tender elegiac strains, of being banished his Louisa's sight, even in those hours which were necessarily allotted to rest.

This gay and gallant commerce subsisted

sisted for some months between Colonel Layton and Louisa, though not without some tender, but transient remembrances of William ; and might have continued much longer, had it not been interrupted by Lady Morton's enquiring of her niece, whether the Colonel had obtained her father's consent to authorize his addresses. At this question Louisa started, as from a dream, and instantly recollected that her Lover had never hinted an idea of matrimony in any of their conversations. But this she immediately attributed to his delicacy, as supposing he wished to gain her affection before he would presume to ask her hand.

Lady Morton then informed Louisa, that Lord Maynard had written to Mr. Hartington for permission to pay his addresses to her ; and added, that his proposals were so generous, that she did not doubt of his obtaining her brother's consent, as he had declared, that if he was happy enough to gain her heart, he desired no other treasure.

With a quickness unusual to her, Louisa replied, That was not to be disposed

posed of to the highest bidder, and therefore never should be his.

In the midst of this not agreeable *entretien*, she received a letter from her father, repeating what Lady Morton had already told her in relation to Lord Maynard, and seconding the information with his most earnest and tender intreaties to receive his Lordship favourably, provided she had no prepossession against him, or in favour of another. He slightly mentioned his having been, for some time, in a declining state of health, and that on that account, and many others, he wished to see his daughter so amply and honourably provided for as she would be upon such an alliance.

Concern for her father's ill state of health triumphed over every other consideration in Louisa's mind, and she would have set out instantly to pay her duty to him, if she had not been prevented by Lady Morton shewing her a letter which she had received at the same time, wherein he said, if he did not find himself better, he should go to London in a few days in order to have

a consultation of physicians. This immediately put a stop to her journey, as she reasonably supposed her going to him might at least delay, if not entirely prevent, his coming.

Afflicted and disturbed with the various conflicts in her mind, a friendly shower of tears came to her aid, and she sat leaning on her arm and gazing on her father's letter, when Colonel Layton entered the room unperceived by her. Perhaps she never looked more lovely than at that moment ;—for, as Doctor Young says of women,

“ Heaven is pleas'd to make distress
 “ become them,
 “ And dresses them most amiably in
 “ tears.”

But the Colonel's attention was more engaged by the cause, than the effect ; and he snatched up her father's letter, pretending that he supposed it came from some favoured Lover, whose sufferings she might be then lamenting. Though she made every possible effort to recover the paper, he had fully satisfied his curiosity before she could prevail

vail on him to restore it ; and the moment he had done so, he threw himself at her feet in an agony of despair, declaring, that if she listened to Lord Maynard's addresses he would destroy himself; for that his life and happiness were bound up in her alone, and they should both perish before her. In order to calm his transports, she assured him, that if he could obtain her father's consent, she would most willingly sacrifice the offered advantages of rank and fortune ; and, blushing through her tears, confessed, that her hopes of happiness as much depended upon that event as his ; and that she would go so far as to join her intreaties with his, and doubted not they would succeed with the tenderest and most indulgent of parents.

Such a concession was certainly sufficient to abate the apprehension of the most ardent Lover ; but Colonel Layton did not seem to receive the smallest degree of satisfaction from it, but, on the contrary, declined making any application to Mr. Hartington, and took every possible pains to convince Louisa, that her father would not only refuse his consent to a match so inferior to that

already proposed, but probably forbid her ever seeing him, and enforce her obedience by sending for her immediately.

“ He that can please is certain to
“ persuade ;”

and Louisa, for the first time in her life, forgot her father's long-accustomed kindness, and joined with her Lover in a scheme to impose upon—herself. At his request she consented to conceal their mutual passion, and, for a time, to receive Lord Maynard's visits, with a view of discovering some defect in his person or manners that might be deemed a sufficient objection to her liking him. Ah, poor Louisa ! what an artful web art thou now weaving to entangle thy fair self !

In consequence of this concerted plan, Louisa expressed her obedience to her father's commands, with only this reserve, that she requested an assurance from him, that if Lord Maynard was not agreeable to her, he would never exert his authority to compel her to marry him.

Her

Her fond, her tender father most readily complied with her request ; but, at the same time, informed her of the expediency of accepting Lord Maynard's proposal, as he found that both his health and fortune were in a declining state.

The first of these she sincerely lamented, but the other was below her consideration ; for, " what is fortune to " the wish of love ?"

She communicated her father's letter to the Colonel, and continued to receive Lord Maynard's visits with a coldness which seemed only restrained by good-breeding from expressing disgust. Enamoured as his Lordship was, he easily perceived the little likelihood there was of gaining Louisa's affections, without which her charms were valueless to him ; and he was on the point of retiring from an hopeless pursuit, when the news of Mr. Hartington's bankruptcy and death were brought to his afflicted daughter.

This double shock was sufficient to subdue a firmer frame of mind and body than poor Louisa boasted ; and

she would probably have sunk under it to everlasting peace and rest, if the fond idea of being necessary to Colonel Layton's happiness had not recalled her love of life, and made her consider its preservation as a proof of her affection to him.

Many weeks elapsed before she was able to receive even this lover's visits; but his letters daily found their way to the inmost recesses of her heart, which, softened by her present sorrows, was rendered still more susceptible of love; and she determined, as soon as her health would permit her, to see Lord Maynard, and put a final end to his hopes, by avowing her attachment to the Colonel.

Generous as this resolution appears, it was by no means approved by the person in whose favour it was taken; he therefore used every art to prevent its being carried into execution: but though he could not prevail on Louisa still to trifle with Lord Maynard's passion, by continuing to receive his addresses, he had the confidence to tell her, that it was now as necessary on his own account, as it had formerly been on her's,

her's, to keep their attachment secret ; for that his friends would certainly oppose his marriage with the daughter of a bankrupt.

The cruelty of this expression was sufficient to have raised the strongest resentment in a mind less subdued by passion than Louisa's ; but she was become so totally a slave, that she felt not the severity of her tyrant, and only lamented the loss of fortune, as it might have served to reconcile a mercenary world to her lover's choice. She however persisted in her resolution of dismissing Lord Maynard, who had pursued his addresses with more ardour since the death of her father, than at first. She was not insensible to the generosity of his conduct ; but a heart so devoted as her's, could make no adequate return to his disinterested affection.

When he received her final determination against him, he ventured to tell her, that he lamented his want of power to obtain her heart, almost as much for her sake as his own ; and seemed to hint as if he feared she had disposed of it to an unworthy object. Louisa considered

this inuendo as the malice of a disappointed lover, and triumphed secretly at having had an opportunity of making such a sacrifice to her dear Colonel.

In about three weeks after Lord Maynard had desisted from visiting Louisa, a letter was brought her from an anonymous writer, which informed her, that there were three thousand pounds lodged in the four *per cent.* funds for her sole use, desiring that she would go immediately and sign the books to ascertain her property; and requesting her to consider this sum not as a gift, but as the payment of a debt legally due to her deceased father, whose affairs were then settled, and all his creditors fully paid.

After much doubt upon this subject, she became convinced, in her own mind, that this bounty must have proceeded from Lord Maynard; and neither Lady Morton, nor the Colonel, could prevail on her to avail herself of his generosity, from whom, she was conscious, she had not deserved it. Her delaying to accept this present, occasioned her to receive a second letter, assuring her, that
if

if she did not take the necessary steps to secure her property, it would sink into the general fund; for that the person who had placed it there would never receive principal or interest from it, upon any conditions whatsoever.

In consequence of this letter, and the repeated importunities of her Lover, she consented at last to receive this present, for such she still considered it; and a day was fixed for her going into the City: the Colonel was to accompany her, as Lady Morton was totally ignorant of all the forms of business, and her equipage could contain but two persons, as it was only a chariot. During their little journey from Berkeley-Square into the City, the Colonel used every argument to persuade Louisa into a private marriage, and went so far as to say, that if she neglected the present opportunity they never should be united, for that her refusal could only proceed from want of true regard and confidence in him. How artful is this bait! and how secure must that lover be of his mistress's affection, when he pretends to doubt it, by demanding proofs of it! The little rhetoric which Louisa's

delicacy suggested against his request, such as the not having a female friend with her, the ingratitude towards her aunt in not entrusting her with the design, &c. &c. was quickly overcome by his more subtle sophistry, Was he not her husband, lover, friend? In whom should she confide but him, and him alone?

If my reader has ever been in love, he or she will easily believe that Louisa did not long continue obdurate; for sure there is no task so hard as to deny the suit of one we love.

The chariot set them down at the four *per cent.* office, and was ordered by the Colonel to drive to St. Paul's, and wait their coming. The moment that Louisa had signed the books and received half-a-year's interest, the Colonel conveyed her in a hackney-coach to a house in Ludgate-Street, where there was a person prepared, in the habit of a Clergyman, to hurry over the awful ceremony of marriage, and to precipitate the unsuspecting fair-one into a series of distress and misery.

Triumphant

Triumphant in the success of his scheme, the Colonel's transports were without bounds; and the innocent Louisa rejoiced in the fond hope of having made her husband supremely happy. A few short months passed away in all the delights of mutual and concealed affection. From the termination of that æra his visits were less frequent; and even when his appearance gladdened her fond heart, his looks were some times gloomy, and his conversation constrained and absent. Lovers have lynxes' eyes, and are ever prone to pry too closely into the secret that reveals their misery. The wretched Louisa quickly perceived the fatal change, but had not resolution to demand the cause. At length, unasked, the Colonel told her that he had lost a considerable sum at play, and that his incapacity to discharge the debt, without laying himself under obligations to his friends, was the sole source of his chagrin. At this account, joy brightened every feature of Louisa's face, and filled her generous heart; she would have flown that very moment to collect her little treasure and lay it at his feet, had he not prevented her, by observing

observing that her aunt would be alarmed at her going out without acquainting her; but that in a few days she might find an opportunity of going to the Bank without Lady Morton's knowledge, and selling out her stock. To this she readily consented, and perhaps at that instant felt more gratitude to the donor of this sum than she had ever done before.

Delighted with the power of obliging her beloved husband, she hoped to increase his happiness, by tenderly informing him, that her situation would render it impossible to conceal their marriage much longer; and as Lady Morton was going to spend the latter part of the summer at Bristol, and would expect her to accompany her, she thought it necessary to let her aunt into the secret, as she might then remain in her house, during her absence, and lie-in there as privately as possible.

To this proposal the Colonel objected most vehemently, and declared that his ruin must be the consequence of revealing their marriage to Lady Morton, or any other person breathing; said, if she

she truly loved him, she would not scruple to sacrifice her reputation for a time, when she was self-satisfied with her own conduct, and certain that it must be justified to the world at a proper season, when he could avow his attachment with safety and honour to himself and her. Unsupported by any visible cause but his will, these futile arguments had their wished effect, and Louisa, even unreluctantly, subscribed to the covenant she had made in marriage.

In order to obviate Lady Morton's suspicions on account of her niece's refusing to accompany her to Bristol, a letter was to be written to Louisa, as from Mrs. Selby, whose known intimacy would countenance the fraud, inviting her to spend some months at her house, and acquainting her that many of her father's effects were come to light, which she might easily recover if she were upon the spot.

When the day appointed for Louisa's departure arrived, Lady Morton was more surprised than affected at her niece's immoderate sorrow; indeed she knew
not

not the source of her tears, nor could even the poor mourner herself account for the uncommon weight of grief which hung upon her heart. She was a thousand times tempted to break her promise to the Colonel, and reveal her situation in confidence to her aunt; but her obedience was implicit, and triumphed over her reason. She therefore kept the painful secret, and, torn by a variety of conflicting passions, threw herself alone into the chaise.

At the end of the first stage she was met by Colonel Layton, who dried her tears, and soothed her anxious mind with all the apparent tenderness of love.

The next day they set out for Louisa's destined habitation, which was a lonely cottage, about five-and-twenty miles from London, in the County of Essex. There were two servants ready to receive them there, a man and a maid. The house, though small, was neatly furnished, and Louisa considered it as a temple sacred to secret love; but did not know she was designed a victim for its altar. A week passed away in all the elegant

elegant pleasure of retirement, with the sole object of her love, before the Colonel raised the sad idea of parting from her; and though he promised his absence should be short, and his stay permanent after his return, she rather submitted than acquiesced in his departure.—Forebodings are natural to the mind, though philosophy has never yet been able to account for them.

When left alone, she yielded to all the melancholy impressions that had assailed her when she quitted Lady Morton, and spent the greatest part of the night in sighs and tears. Solely occupied by her tenderness at the time of the Colonel's leaving her, she had forgotten to mention her having but a very few guineas in her purse, which the necessary, though small demands of her family, quickly exhausted. She therefore wrote to her husband to request he would bring her an immediate supply, and rejoiced at this opportunity of pressing his return without seeming impatient of his absence.

Before she left London, she had sold out 1000*l.* to discharge the Colonel's debts

debts of honour ; but there still remained 2000*l.* more, which his rapacious cruelty designed to rob her of. In consequence of his detestable intention, he wrote her word, that he had again been unfortunate at play, which had prevented his going to her, as he could not leave London till he had acquitted himself of such *honourable obligations* ; and assured her, if he was once more set free, he would never again involve himself ; for that he had been extremely miserable in being obliged to continue so long absent from his dear Louisa. He also inclosed her a letter of attorney that might authorize him to receive her money, if she chose that he should extricate himself from his present difficulties, and fly to her and happiness.

There can be no doubt of Louisa's readiness to purchase the supreme felicity of her life, her husband's company, with a few " rascal counters."

She hastened to execute the letter of attorney, which her servants witnessed, and returned it with the most affectionate letter by the immediate post.

The

The moral certainty which she now possessed of the Colonel's speedy return, cheered her weak spirits, and recalled her natural vivacity; and though she counted the hours, it was as a traveller does the miles, rejoicing that so many were passed. For a fortnight her expectations were kept awake, and when the night closed in disappointment, she looked forward, with hope, to the dawn. Every passing sound caught her ear, and caused a momentary glow upon her lovely cheek. The delicacy of her frame, joined to her weak situation, soon rendered her unable to support this worst of racks; and she imperceptibly sunk into that heart-felt sickness which arises from hope deferred. Every post carried letters from her to the beloved of her soul; but, alas! they returned without an answer. His safety now became the object of her fears, and she imagined that sickness, or death only, could have prevented his writing or coming to her. Possessed of this apprehension, she resolved on setting out to London, though she knew not where to bestow herself in her present condition, which was now apparent; nor had she any money to subsist on, should she
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be so unfortunate as not to find her husband : yet all these considerations vanished before the idea of his danger ; and she was on the point of setting out, when she received the following letter :

“ DEAR LOUISA,

“ The necessity of my affairs compels me to leave England for a few years—perhaps for ever.—Start not at this thought, my lovely girl, but strive to make the best of what your tenderness may consider as a misfortune. Your character is uninjured by me—would I could say as much of your fortune ! but that—I blushing own—I have destroyed. The wisest way that remains for you to repair this evil, is to return to your friends at Liverpool as soon as a certain event is over, and for ever to conceal from the world the ideal connection between us.—Pardon me, Louisa, for deceiving you.

“ I inclose you bills for two hundred pounds, which is all the remnant that my cursed love of play has left of your fortune, or my own. But you have still a treasure which time only can rob you of—I mean your beauty, which, if
well

well managed, may make you full amends for the loss you have sustained by the attachment of

GEORGE LAYTON."

It would be doing injury to the feelings of humanity to attempt describing those of the unfortunate Louisa, upon the perusal of this letter. Nor sighs nor tears came to the fair-one's aid, but pangs unutterable. She fell in labour immediately, and was delivered of a dead child on the succeeding day. A fever followed, and she lay for several weeks in a state either of insensibility or delirium. During her illness the man servant, which Colonel Layton had provided for her, imagining it impossible that she should recover, resolved to be her executor, and decamped in the night with her bills, watch, and every valuable moveable that he could find means to carry off with him.—But death, as well as sleep, too often flies the wretched; at least, he comes not at their call, "nor mends his slowest pace for plaints or cries."

With only the assistance of an humane
country

country Apothecary, Louisa was again restored to *life*, if we may call existence marked by misery, by *that* name.

This worthy and benevolent succedaneum to the Faculty quickly perceived that his fair patient was unhappy: and as soon as she was able to be removed from the scene of all her woes, generously offered her an asylum in his house, till she could establish her health, and bring about a reconciliation with her friends, whom he supposed to be acquainted with her situation.

Louisa's delicacy necessarily prevented her accepting his family offer; for the Doctor, as they called him, was unmarried, and looked upon as a man of gallantry by his neighbours. Though hurt at her refusal, he generously discharged all the little debts which her illness had occasioned, and continued to visit her with the honest warmth of an old friend.

With the power of thinking, Louisa's misery returned, and her thoughts were at times as much distracted as when she had been actually deprived of her reason.

son. The sole source that remained to furnish her even with a glimpse of hope, was, that of trying to awaken Lady Morton's tenderness, by a full confession of her own weakness, and Colonel Layton's villainy.

The tale was long and interesting to the unhappy writer, and some weeks were spent in recapitulating and resuffering the agonies of mind and body which she had endured. At length this task was finished, and she waited in anxious suspense, with regard to her future existence, which must necessarily depend on Lady Morton's answer.

During this painful interval, her friend, the Apothecary, came to visit her; and in order to amuse her, brought with him the last month's magazine, in which he observed there was a gentleman married, of the name of Layton, who might probably be a relation of her's.

She snatched the book with eagerness, and casting her eye upon the paragraph, she read these words: "Such a day was married at St. George's church,

church, Hanover - Square, Colonel George Layton, to Lady Morton, relict of Sir Thomas Morton, Baronet : as soon as the ceremony was over, the new-married couple set out for France."

Louisa's eyes had not speculation enough in them to finish the paragraph; the book dropt from her slack hand, and she fell senseless on the floor.

Behold her now deprived of the last glimmering ray that was to guide her trembling steps through the intricate and thorny paths of life! Robbed of her fame, her fortune, and her friends—whither, ah! whither could she seek for aid! From Him alone who knew her upright heart, and saw her bitter anguish. To Him the mourner bent the suppliant knee; not to implore his vengeance, but to beg for leave to lay the burden down of wretched life, which was become too heavy to endure.

A gentle decay, which she imperceptibly fell into, seemed to forward her most earnest wish; and had she been possessed of any means for her support, she would have sunk silently into the land
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of oblivion, unpitied and unknown. But her landlord now demanded rent, and her servant wages, which she was incapable of paying, but by disposing of her small effects in furniture and cloaths, which, when sold, amounted to as much as would discharge her debts to every one but the friendly Apothecary, who refused to receive any part either of his disbursements or his bill.

Forlorn, distressed, and sinking to the grave, she bent her melancholy course to Liverpool, in hopes of finding shelter, for her few remaining days, beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Selby. As she measured back the tedious miles which led to that loved scene of innocence and peace, could she avoid reflecting on the change which two short years had made?—Her tears flowed fast, but silent; and the passengers who travelled in the coach with her, though not possessed of the most delicate sensibility, were so much affected with her grief, that for their sakes she endeavoured to restrain it. For the unhappy Louisa wished not for sharers in her woe, nor would have pained another heart, even to ease her own. She even lamented

mented her having written to Lady Morton, as she feared, if she ever received her letter, it might make her unhappy, and be the cause of diffention between her and her husband.

• On her arrival at Liverpool she enquired for Mr. Selby, and was informed he had been dead almost a year, and that his wife and daughters kept a boarding-school at Preston. This was a new and a severe distress; for how could the generous Louisa think of becoming an expence to those who were unable to support themselves. And yet it was her sole resource; for though she had a number of intimate acquaintance in Liverpool, who, in the sunshine of her prosperity, assumed the name of friends, she knew of none that would support that character towards her in her present hapless state. She therefore kept herself concealed that evening, and set out early the next morning for Preston, where she was received with such real transports of joy, as could only be abated by the appearance of her delicate and declining state of health. By the good Mrs. Selby she was welcomed as a daughter, and by her daughters

ters as a long absent and beloved sister. They talked in raptures of the joy that William would receive from knowing she was with them, and gently reproached her for not having enabled them to satisfy his earnest and constant enquiries about her. She answered only by her tears; but they were tears of tenderness, not sorrow: she rejoiced in the prospect of William's success, and in finding the situation of his family, though not desirable, yet far from wretched. Louisa found every thing in this retirement that could give ease to her afflicted heart: she acquainted Mrs. Selby with her whole story; and that good and pious friend poured in the balm of comfort to her wounded mind, by convincing her how much more wretched she must have been, had she known aught of guilt; and used to say, she pitied Colonel Layton even more than Louisa.

As soon as it was known that Mr. Hartington's daughter was at Preston, many persons came from Liverpool to wait on her; and some of the principal merchants there, not only offered her every service in their power, but brought

her different sums, which, they said, were balances of accounts due to her father after his affairs were settled. These little sums, in all amounting to about 500*l*. gave infinite pleasure to Louisa, as it prevented her from being a burthen on the amiable family she was settled with. Wrapped in the arms of friendship, some years passed gently on ; Peace seemed once more to re-assume its favourite mansion in Louisa's bosom ; and her returning health spread joy around her.

The faithful William still preserved his passion inviolate for her ; and from the moment he knew where she was, wrote to her constantly. His success, in point of fortune, was proportioned to his merits ; and by the time he had been six years in India, he was able to support his mother and sisters in independent affluence ; but he declared he would never return to England till he had made a fortune worthy of Louisa's acceptance.

His generous constancy pained Louisa's heart ; for well she knew there were insuperable bars between them, as she
must

must ever consider herself as Colonel Layton's wife, though he had cast her off to want and infamy.

During this interval, the public papers gave an account of Lady Morton's dying in a Convent in France, and that her husband was at that time a volunteer in the Empress of Russia's army. In a few weeks after, a packet was sent to Louisa by Sir Thomas Morton's nephew, who was heir to her aunt's jointure: this packet had been inclosed to him by the Abbess of the Convent where Lady Morton died with an earnest request to have it delivered as directed. It contained a letter written by Lady Morton when dying, lamenting the involuntary wrongs which she had been guilty of towards her unhappy niece; and hoping that her sufferings here would atone for them, as she had been the most miserable being upon earth from the moment she had received her letter, which had been forwarded to her at Paris; in consequence of which she had taxed the Colonel with his crime, which he denied not, but smiling, stiled it *un ruse de guerre*: and on her expressing the horror she felt at his

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conduct,

conduct, he had behaved most inhumanely to her, and at last conveyed her into Brittany, and confined her in a Convent there, from whence she could only hope to be released by death, whose approaches she received with joy. She again implored her forgiveness, and with her dying breath bequeathed her blessing to her, which was all she then had left to bestow.

This letter recalled all Louisa's tenderness for her unhappy aunt, and afflicted her sincerely ; she had, however, the consolation to hope, that her sufferings had amply atoned for her imprudence, and that they were now at an end ; and she could not help rejoicing even in her own past misfortunes, since they had freed her from the society of such a monster as Colonel Layton.

The year following there was an account of an engagement between the Turks and the Russians, and Colonel Layton was mentioned among the slain.

It was impossible that Louisa should lament his death ; yet she felt a true Christian sorrow for his being sent to
his

his account so unprepared as she feared he might have been:—she had never ceased to pray for his conversion; and had she been a Catholic, she would have expended her little remnant of fortune in masses for his soul.

As soon as Mrs. Selby knew of Colonel Layton's death, she requested Louisa's leave to acquaint William with her story, which had been hitherto kept a secret from him and his sisters. To this she readily consented; and the youngest Miss Selby, from whom I had this story, was appointed secretary upon the occasion. It is easy to imagine how William must be affected, on reading the interesting narrative of his Louisa's sufferings:—indignation, pity, and tenderness, became auxiliaries to his fondness, and he resolved to return to England to soothe the sorrows of the lovely mourner, and devote his life to her happiness, as soon as he could settle his affairs in India. His generous plan was soon put into execution; and he returned to his country, family, and mistress, in perfect health and happiness.

The days of Louisa's mourning seemed now to be expired, and an universal joy was diffused over the countenance of every Selby. William was all their fondness could have wished; and Louisa joined in acknowledging the united graces of his mind and person: yet still that dear delirium, which she had once experienced for the worst of men, was unfelt for the worthiest! Gratitude, esteem, and friendship, were all she could bestow, and she in vain lamented her incapacity of giving more. Strange caprice of the human heart! whose motions nought can regulate, while, like a meteor, it shoots along, too oft portending ruin.

Every possible enquiry was now made to ascertain the death of Colonel Layton; but no other account had ever been received by any of his friends, than that which the public papers had given of his being killed in battle. This was fully sufficient to satisfy William and his family; and if Louisa seemed to express a doubt upon the subject, they charged it to unkindness and want of affection for them all.

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It was impossible long to withstand their united importunities; and Louisa at length crowned all their wishes, by bestowing her hand on the deserving and faithful Selby. Ease and affluence were now her constant attendants:

“Chearfulness danced all day before
“her;

“And, at night, soft slumbers waited
“on her downy pillow.”

The lover, husband, friend, were all united in the generous Selby; and if felicity was ever the lot of mortals, this happy family enjoyed it. Louisa's now apparent situation seemed to promise an addition to their happiness, if it could admit increase; and they all set out to a house Mr. Selby had taken in London, on account of Louisa's approaching accouchement.

I should long since have mentioned, that Louisa had discharged the pecuniary part of her obligations to her friendly Apothecary in Essex. On her marriage, Mr. Selby had presented him with a bill for an hundred pounds, and now wrote to desire him to come

to London to attend his wife upon a similar occasion to that in which she had formerly experienced his skill and tenderness, though he now hoped in a much happier situation. The good man obeyed the summons, and Louisa was safely delivered of a lovely boy.

She had lain-in about ten days, with every prosperous omen of recovery, her fond, her tender husband sitting by her bed-side, when a man with haggard and pale looks, wild staring eyes, and every dreadful mark of madness, rushed into her chamber, and with a hollow voice cried out, "She is my wife, and "I will die beside her!" The more than terrified Louisa could only say, "It is, "it is my husband"—and sunk upon her pillow. What now were Selby's feelings! The stranger's madness seemed contagious—he flung himself between his dear Louisa and the frantic wretch, who struggled to embrace her; they fell together; and in their fall, a pistol, which the Colonel had concealed, went off, and wounded Selby in the side. They leaped upon their feet—and Selby then snatched a sword which hung within his reach, and buried it in the
others

other's bosom. By this time the family were alarmed, and rushed together into the chamber to behold a scene of complicated horror. She only was insensible to all the miseries around her, nor could they call her back to reason, though she returned to life in strong convulsions, and expired, in a few hours, a hapless victim to her only error, the having ventured to confide too far in him who had so cruelly betrayed her.

When they attempted to draw the sword from Colonel Layton's wound, his life-blood seemed to follow it; he therefore begged that they would let it rest till he had made the sole atonement then in his power. He recapitulated all his crimes, and said, that from the moment in which he abandoned Louisa, he had carried a burning hell within his bosom; that he had sought for death to free him from his torments, but that, though left for dead upon the field of battle, he had recovered in his own despite; that, upon hearing of Lady Morton's death, he had determined to seek out Louisa, and make her all the reparation in his power, but was then taken prisoner by the Turks, and only

set at liberty within that year ; that, on his return to England, finding his Louisa married to Mr. Selby, he had grown quite frantic, and resolved to expiate his offences by dying before her ; and for that purpose came prepared with a pistol. He acquitted Mr. Selby of his death, and, imploring mercy, pulled forth the weapon from his breast, and died.

The wound which Mr. Selby had received from the pistol was not dangerous ; but his dear wife's death had sealed his doom. The complicated agonies of his mind threw him into a fever, from which he wished not to recover. He expired in a few days, and his last sigh breathed forth Louisa's name.



THE
DANGEROUS EFFECTS
OF A
WRONG EDUCATION:
OR
THE FATAL CONTEST.

A genuine Narrative of an authentic Story.

BY THE SAME.

SOME years ago there lived in the city of Norwich, a rich merchant, of a respectable family of the name of Rawdon. At about the age of thirty he wedded a young lady with a good fortune, perfectly suited to his inclinations, situation, and other circumstances of life. Happy in each other, they had nothing
to

to wish for, or regret the want of, but an inheritor to their ample possessions.

This blessing was, however, withheld from them for the first eight or nine years of their marriage, when, to their mutual satisfaction, Mrs. Rawdon at length presented her joyful husband with a son. This long hoped-for gift of heaven became now the sole object of their joint care and attention; the summer's day seemed short while spent in gazing on the welcome guest; and the winter's nights were passed in contemplating the placidness of his countenance and harmony of his features, while he slept.

But the serenity of mind which they had before enjoyed, was now perpetually disturbed by their apprehensions about his health; and that domestic concord, in which they had been exemplary to all their acquaintance, became soon interrupted by a difference of opinion with regard to the mode of education which they should in future adopt for their darling charge, and the various schemes they planned for their dear William's establishment in life.

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In one point, however, they happened both to agree ; which was, never to thwart the inclinations of their pupil, or suffer him to be contradicted or controuled, upon any occasion or pretence whatsoever. “ For how, otherwise, were his natural dispositions and real character to be known, and his education, consequently, be adapted to them ? If sense and virtue did not come with years, restraint could but render him a docile fool, or an artful hypocrite.” Such maxims as these must undoubtedly be extremely hazardous, at least ; and could, even at best, have obtained him but the title of a book, written by the late M. Helvetius, stiled *The Child of Nature, improved by Chance.*

It is reasonable, therefore, to apprehend, that so strange a scheme of conduct must have been attended with fatal effects in the experiment. The analogy of nature is observable throughout all its works. The beasts of the forest become savage for want of discipline only ; the lands of the desert remain waste, because uncultivated ; the trees of the wood run wild from neglect of pruning ; and man is rendered savage, waste, and wild, without the discipline,
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the cultivation, and the prunings of education.

From this reflection it may consequently be supposed that this weak, though well-meaning pair of preceptors must have rendered their pupil a perfect demon of ill-temper and caprice; but our *Sweet William* was happily endowed with a mild and gentle disposition, and amidst the large field of human vices and follies that were thus laid open to his adoption, he was infected with but one single and singular weed.

Children learn cunning sooner than sense; William quickly perceived the foible of his parents, and indulged himself in it to a surfeit. He was eager in pursuit of ever childish toy that struck his fancy; but when once obtained, he from that moment became disgusted with the object he had before so ardently desired, would look on it with contempt or dislike, and cast it from him for any thing newer, though of inferior value. This *flaw* of youth "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," and marked the character and
complexion

complexion of his future life throughout.

When arrived at the proper age for something more than mere domestic instruction, his anxious parents, who could not bear to have him one moment out of their sight, provided him with a sensible and indulgent tutor, under their own roof. But though William had ever before expressed a fond inclination for knowledge and learning, he now manifested a total disregard for his master's instructions, seemed disgusted at the slightest tasks appointed to him, became melancholy, and pined in sullen silence.

The solicitous guardians of his welfare were quickly alarmed at so unaccountable a change in his disposition, and, after much soothing and intreaty, drew from him a declaration of his wishing to be sent to a public school, where emulation might assist to inspirit his exertions. Dear as this parting must necessarily cost his doating father and mother's heart, his inclination was no sooner known than indulged; and sinking with sorrow themselves, and bathing

ing William with their tears, they directly placed their darling hope at Westminster-school.

Poor William soon became dissatisfied at this kind of life; the noise, confinement, and discipline of his new course, were irksome to him; so that, by the next ensuing vacation, he had entirely lost all relish for classical studies; and on his return home to Norwich, intreated to be received into his father's counting house, and trained up to mercantile business, as the final election of his mind and inclinations.

Both his parents accepted this overture with joy. The mother fondly concluded, that by this means she would have him constantly in her sight; and the father very prudently thought that it was a more certain way of improving his fortune, than the most assiduous application in any of the learned professions might possibly be. Accordingly, he immediately appointed him one of his clerks, and allotted him a considerable portion of his business to transact.

As usual, the too ready concurrence
with

with his desire soon disgusted the capricious youth; he seldom sat down to his desk, opened the ledger, or troubled himself with any part of the occupation he had so lately and so ardently solicited before, but spent most of his time at a little farm-house near the town, where he privately fitted up a bed-chamber and library for himself, both which he furnished properly, and devoted himself to study, with as much earnestness, as if his fame and fortune depended on a progress in some of the literary professions.

Some time had passed in this clandestine commerce with the Muses, when his father began to be alarmed at his frequent and continued absences from home, and without giving any account of his purpose or pursuit; but more particularly as he discovered that the farmer who was his son's host, had a very pretty daughter in the house, which Mr. Rawdon very naturally suspected to have been the magnet of attraction; and though he had hitherto made it a principle to himself, as before related, never to contradict or restrain his son's will or inclinations, he had, in
former

former instances, sufficient reason to see the ill consequence of that maxim, and was therefore resolved now to interpose in this case, where either his son was likely to enter into engagements below his rank and fortune, or an innocent young woman in danger of being betrayed to infamy and prostitution.

He determined, therefore, to expostulate with his son immediately upon this subject; but it is difficult to begin a thing. Not being used to such domestic discipline, whenever William came before him, he felt himself unequal to the task, either of condemning his behaviour or resisting his inclinations; and it was some time before he could muster up resolution enough to be able to open the conference.

The idea of parental authority was a notion as thoroughly foreign to William's conception, as snow to an Indian; so that when the old gentleman, after first remonstrating, began to sputter out his injunctions and indignation, for he was obliged to put himself in a passion in order to keep up his resolution, the young man stood motionless

less and aghast, on supposing his father to have been suddenly seized with a fit of phrenzy. Nor was such a conjecture at all unnatural, as he was equally innocent of the charge, as unused to either document or command. For it is as true as strange, that the pretty Jenny Wilson, though frequently seen, had never yet been taken any particular notice of by our young student, who was by no means of an amorous complexion.

What between surprize and perverseness, he returned not the least answer to his father's harangue; and from the peculiar bias of his mind, the reader will be able to account for his silence on that occasion, lest finding his real motive for retirement approved, the pleasure he then took in his spontaneous studies might be destroyed. But this very conversation first awakened his attention towards the pretty Jenny, and he returned to his dear asylum with a degree of impatience and emotion which he had never before experienced for her, or any other of her sex.

But, though he had been hitherto so insensible to her charms, his person and
air,

air, so superior to those of her own level, had not passed unmarked by the susceptible Jenny, though she never revealed her passion by word, look, or action. She was simple, but not silly; ignorant, but not vulgar; with manners gentle and unaffected. These qualities William thought were good materials to work upon; and having, on a little conversation with her, conceived a strong attachment to her, immediately set about informing and improving the mind of his fair pupil, in order to render her worthy of the respectable situation of life he meant soon to place her in.

He had quitted his father abruptly, after the last interview, and the old man's assumed rage now became real; in the first transports of which he made a solemn vow, that if his son did not forthwith return home and abandon Jenny, he should never again be received under his roof, nor would he ever leave him a shilling that he could deprive him of; and the most considerable part of his fortune being of his own acquisition, was, consequently, in his own power.

His

His fond mother immediately communicated this intelligence to him, but unhappily without effect; for we have already seen that opposition was not the way to conquer his obstinacy. Like an untamed colt, he was not to be restrained by the curb; but give him the reins and he would run himself out of breath. This character in him they had discovered, indeed; but too late, alas! to reclaim him.

This unhappy breach in her family soon fell heavy on Mrs. Rawdon; she could not exist without seeing her darling child, and in a short time was sunk into such a state of dejection and langour, as awakened her husband's tenderness towards her; which he shewed by a full forgiveness of his son, whose banishment he revoked, sending an embassy to him, desiring his immediate return.

But the perverse delinquent, I might add inhuman too, if a person governed by a froward nature might not rather be considered as an Automaton moved by internal springs which actuate it unwittingly, refused to take the benefit of this *Act of Grace*, unless they would
consent

consent likewise to his marrying his dear Jenny, and publicly acknowledge and receive her home as their daughter-in-law. Agreed.

But no sooner was this fond desire of his heart complied with, than his former ardour towards his favourite Jenny began to decline, and was soon extinguished after he had introduced her into a polite circle in his mother's drawing-room that was assembled upon the occasion. The charms of her person were lessened by a comparison; and her blushing modesty, her timidity, with the constraint and want of graces in all her gestures, too plainly betrayed indications of mean birth and uneducated rusticity.

He lamented, indeed, his own inconsistency and inconstancy both; but could not resist the ascendancy of that malign planet, that powerful and fatal weakness, which influenced and impelled him not only to dislike, but detest, his every pursuit, when placed within his reach. As usual, he sighed and wept for his play-thing, then cast it with contempt away.

The

The return of this worse than prodigal son had restored both health and happiness to his fond mother; and the most sumptuous preparations were made for the intended nuptials; when, on the morning of the day appointed for the solemnization, the unaccountable bridegroom disappeared from Norwich, without leaving the least hint behind him of his motive, or any trace for a pursuit. Grief and lamentation succeeded to festivity and joy; his unhappy parents were plunged into the deepest sorrow; and the disconsolate Jenny returned home again to her father's, to live in a cottage, but not upon love, mourning the loss of a lover, and the disappointment of a husband.

The equally unhappy fugitive, for such he really was, wanted neither sense or virtue; he was both conscious and ashamed of the waywardness of his disposition, yet continued still enslaved to it; nor were either his reason or morals sufficiently strong to conquer the unfortunate bias of a wrong education. He felt for the sufferings he inflicted on those he loved; but not having resolution enough to prevent them, he never attempted

attempted even to excuse, much less to justify, his misconduct.

With a disturbed mind, and agitated frame, he had strolled out of Norwich, about four o'clock that summer's morning, without having determined on any particular route, or planned any manner of scheme for his future life, except a fixed resolve of never returning to marry the forsaken Jenny, for whom, notwithstanding, he still retained a fond affection. When he had walked about a dozen miles, a stage-coach happened to be passing by, and, finding himself fatigued, he stepped into it, without even inquiring whither it was going, and pursued his journey till he was set down in London.

Among the passengers there happened to be a Recruiting Officer, of the cavalry, who, perceiving our young traveller had the appearance of a Gentleman, entered into discourse with him, at sight. They talked on a variety of subjects; but the gallant son of Mars expatiated more particularly on the nobleness of his profession, of the honour and delights of a soldier's life. The experienced

experienced adventurer became quickly captivated with the dazzling idea of glory and renown, which the gasconading Captain had so pompously displayed; his youthful imagination was kindled at the flame of heroism; and, by the time they had reached White-chapel, he acquainted his new friend that he had conceived an ardour and ambition to serve a Volunteer under his banner.

The Captain was highly delighted with such a prize, as he hoped to be well paid for his discharge, ere long, when he might probably become weary of his profession, or ashamed of his station, and immediately closed with the proposition. On their arrival at the inn, he invited William to supper, and kept him with him that night, as he apprehended that our young soldier might possibly have some friend in London, who would discourage or oppose his present martial disposition.

The next morning he offered to inlist him, by the usual method of giving money, but William rejected the proffer; as a gentleman Volunteer, or cadet, and a common trooper, he imagined

gined not to be subject to the same confinement, or strictness of discipline; but he soon discovered the futility of that opinion, when he entered upon duty at Coventry, where the corps was then stationed.

This mortified him extremely, and he now began to lament his precipitate adoption; and, according to the general tenor of his character, became thoroughly unhappy and disgusted, both at the meanness and fatigue of his situation and service. He would, as on former occasions, have flung away his play-thing: but alas! the indulgence of his usual caprice remained now no longer in his power.

He sometimes thought of communicating his distress to his parents, in order to procure a release from his captivity, as he now deemed it; but then again, his pride revolted against the humiliating idea of confessing his folly, and his perverseness opposed a consequent submission to their will and governance. He therefore endeavoured to reconcile himself to the lot he had cast, and the fate he had made for himself: the resource of books was still left him,

Long

and

and a circulating library became for a time, the only solace of his woes.

During the captain's abode at Coventry, our young adventurer had received a random shot from Cupid; for, on the opposite side of the street to where he was billeted, lived an opulent ribband weaver, lately married to an handsome young woman, who happened to have a little more of romance, or rather of *novel*, in her composition, than suited well with her situation or other circumstances of life. Respective glances had passed to and fro, which soon created a mutual desire of being farther acquainted with each other.

A tolerable figure in a red coat, though it were but in a common soldier, is more apt to captivate an uneducated female mind, than a handsomer person dressed in black, brown, or blue. Besides, the regularity of William's conduct, and his continued application to books, gave our young wife an higher idea of his character, than suited with his present condition; and by the force of a warm imagination, she concluded

him to be some knight-errant Chevalier, perhaps a Prince in Masquerade.

Upon such a prepossession, she frequently took occasion of observing to her husband, the sobriety and decency of the young trooper's behaviour; adding, that she thought it incumbent upon persons *of a certain rank in life*, to encourage so much propriety and regularity of demeanour in the military. The honest man, who, like most other domestic husbands, might possibly by this time have become a little weary of a constant tête-à-tête, and being reasonably confident of his wife's integrity, inclined to her argument, and agreed to invite our cadet to their next Sunday's beef and pudding.

This certainly was the best meal our hungry soldier had sat down to, since he had wandered away from his father's house; but his eyes became still more voracious than his appetite; for, upon a nearer view of his fair neighbour, he discovered the strongest likeness between her and his still loved, but once adored Jenny. This peculiarity of resemblance might, perhaps, at first, have
attracted

attracted his gaze ; but his admiration of her beauty was much farther enhanced by the improbability of his being able to gain her ; considering her as the property of another, upon whom she had voluntarily bestowed her person and affections.

Mrs. Nash, our present heroine, was weak, but not wicked ; fond, but not free ; and therefore, though she frequently indulged herself in the pleasure of seeing and conversing with her imaginary hero, she never trespassed, in the least, against the strictest rules of decorum, by either countenancing or permitting any improper liberties to be taken with her person : the alienation of her heart was the sole crime she committed against her husband ; and as it does not appear that he ever missed it, she comforted herself with thinking, like Othello, that “ he was not robbed at all.”

Matters remained in this situation, till the route for the removal of the regiment from Coventry drew near. It just then happened that Mr. Nash, his friendly host, was taken ill of a slow fe-

ver, which prevented our platonic pair from meeting as frequently as usual ; which, though but a single distress to William, was a double one to Mrs. Nash, as being an addition to *her concern for her husband*. However, the evening before the troops began their march, they contrived to meet, alas ! to part—after having mutually exchanged professions of fondness and everlasting remembrance, with some whisperings of a contingent connection for life, if *a certain melancholy event* should come to pass.

This appears to be the only place, throughout our story, where that well-known moral observation may be introduced with propriety, that “ Fate ever
“ aids the vows of lovers, when the
“ torch of Hymen is to light them to
“ their wishes.” It followed, then, as a thing of course, that a few days after William’s departure from Coventry, Mr. Nash also took his departure from life ; and as he had no child, left the whole of his fortune, amounting to about six thousand pounds, to his *mourning relict*.

It

It is not quite impossible, but that the generous idea of rendering her lover *a soldier of fortune*, in the literal sense, by presenting him with her hand and purse together, might have in some sort helped to console her for the loss of her *elder friend*. However, Mrs. Nash, ever acting up to the nicest regard to propriety, resolved to wait the usual solitary and tedious interval which the decourums of the world have established in viduity, before she would proceed to make the overture, by acquainting the lover with her present disengaged situation; thinking, very justly, that to deserve a man's esteem, goes a great way towards the preserving his love.

During this her interval of probation, apprehending that what between the loss of her husband, and the absence of her lover, the time might hang heavily on her hands, she bethought herself of inviting a pretty young woman, a cousin-german of hers, to her house, as a companion to relieve the irksomeness of her solitude. It is said, that "it is not good for man to live alone," and woman thinks it a double evil.

This person happened luckily to be just then in such a sympathetic disposition of mind and circumstances, as best suited the occasion; being herself also in love, and separated from the dear object of her affections; for I think this as good a time as any to acquaint the reader, that this very friend was no other than the forsaken Jenny Wilson; and this may likewise account for the great likeness between them, before hinted at, as taken notice of by William.

Miss Wilson readily accepted of the invitation, and came accordingly, unknowing of Mrs. Nash's engagement; who was, at the same time, equally ignorant also, of her cousin's prior attachment and præcontract with the same person. But it was not long before a mutual discovery of this secret was made, to the mutual unhappiness of them both. For as the unburthening of an oppressed heart in the bosom of a friend, is one of the greatest and most natural indulgencies and reliefs to a distressed mind, the afflicted Jenny soon made the widow a confidant in her unfortunate story; concluding it with weeping over the supposed

posed ashes of her betrothed swain, whom she had, by that time, from not having received any manner of account from him, since his flight, already numbered with the dead.

Mrs. Nash had patiently listened to the first parts of the narrative, with mute attention, with cordial looks of friendship and compassion ; the description of the face, person, and manners, of the hero of the tale, more particularly interested her, from a likeness in the portrait; and she most highly commended her cousin's taste and attachment, *in honour of her own*. But when the disconsolate Jenny had sighed out the name of *William Rawdon*, the astonished relict uttered a loud scream, and sunk back motionless in her chair.

The affectionate Jenny's surprize at this circumstance, was suspended for the present by her alarm about her friend, to whom she assiduously applied every manner of assistance in her power; and who, as soon as she had recovered the use of her speech, left her no longer in doubt with regard to the cause of her emotion, by immediately launching out

against the perfidy of man, the baseness of William in particular, and the disappointment of women who expect either truth, honour, or constancy in the faithless sex; while the tender Jenny's resentment at her lover's defection, became wholly absorbed in the joy she was sensible of, at hearing that he was still alive; though dead, alas! to her.

She would have instantly sent off an express to acquaint his unhappy father and mother with the lucky discovery she had made of their son's existence, in order to have a release procured for him from his present mean and irksome situation; but the artful widow prevented the kindness of her intention; having first determined to see her spouse elect once more, in the same rank of life he had been at parting, with a view of interesting his gratitude, at least, in her favour, by a display of her own generosity, in offering to make him master of her person and fortune, under the presumption of his present apparent circumstances.

The mild and meek-spirited Jenny was forced to acquiesce in this delay; she

she had neither resolution, nor even its bastard brother, obstinacy, in her nature; so that not having any measure of her own to pursue, she submitted herself implicitly to be governed in this matter by the advice and conduct of her more potent matron and rival.

The gentleness of her manners, with the unhappiness of her mind, conduced greatly to soften the heart of her cousin into a sort of sympathy with hers, as soon as the first shock of this eclairsissement had subsided; so that she freely communicated to her the several schemes she was every minute framing upon this occasion, which, though many, were all unsatisfactory; till at length she resolved on one purpose, in which she desired the concurrence of her friend and fellow-sufferer; which was, that they would both see him together, make their separate claims and remonstrances to him in presence of each other, and then leave him perfectly free in his choice; mutually engaging, that, on his determination, the rejected claimant should acquiesce in his option, and not attempt to make use of any means
whatsoever

whatsoever to impede the happiness of her more fortunate rival.

These conditions were gladly received, and readily agreed to, by the desponding Jenny, as they seemed to be perfectly candid on the part of the proposer; and afforded her also some small gleam of hope, a possible chance at least, of what she had hitherto despaired of, ever since her dear faithless William's unaccountable elopement.

Nor indeed was this proceeding of his even now cleared up by the information she had since received from the widow; as his acquaintance and engagement with her, had been subsequent to his so sudden disappearance. Had this been a matter of higher consequence, of more public notoriety in the annals of a state, Historians would be found, as is too much their manner, who would have pretended to offer a solution of the difficulty; in which, from an ignorance in human nature, they would have been as much mistaken, as Tacitus and such deep writers have been before them, in other instances of like nature, by most ingeniously deducing
motives

motives from reason, policy, or design, which were merely owing to constitution, character, or caprice.

“ The mighty Czar what made to
“ wed a punk ?

“ The mighty Czar might answer,
“ *he was drunk.*”

This resolution being once digested and mutually assented to, these amicable, though still anxious, competitors for the prize of love embraced each other with the most perfect cordiality and restored affection; but still postponing the completion of their scheme, till the period prescribed *par l'etiquette du bien-seance* should have limped away, when the impatient, but still decent widow might be at liberty to throw aside her sable garb, and either assume the gay bridal garment, or wear the pale willow green, for life.

Here, in order to amuse this dull interim, let the reader take a trip with me after William to his cantonment, and enquire how he has employed his leisure there, in the absence of a woman whom he not only loved with fondness,
but

but also most highly esteemed ; to both of which regards, indeed, Mrs. Nash's behaviour towards him had fully intitled her, as it was at once both kind and guarded. This need not be deemed the *surest*, for in truth it is, and ought ever to be, the *only* method of rendering a passion permanent.

The cornet of the troop he belonged to, was a young man of most engaging manners, for whom our William happened to conceive so strong an affection, that he manifested his attachment to him by every attention and assiduity in his power. His complacences were soon remarked by the cornet, and a sympathy of good-will led him in turn, to distinguish his friend from the rest of his corps. He had him frequently to dine with him in his own apartments, and always took him abroad upon his sporting parties.

But this amicable intercourse was of a short date, as the restlessness and inconstancy of William's mind soon put an end to it. Being once in possession of his wish, it required some new difficulties to continue his enjoyment. He
of

of course became cold and careless; refused his patron's invitations to dinner, and declined attending him in his excursions into the country round about their quarters.

Such an unaccountable behaviour at first surprised Cornet Adams, next disgusted, and at length provoked him to some warmth of expostulation upon the subject; in which, happening to make a merit of his condescension to the meanness of William's station, he felt himself so highly piqued at this reproach, that he immediately revealed his real condition in life; and told him, that if the strictness of military law did not oppose his resentment, he would that instant convince him, that he was not by nature unworthy of the rank he had so unhappily degraded himself from by his indiscretion.

Cornet Adams being hot, brave, and impatient, quickly waved the punctilio of discipline, and drew his sword. William was as ready, on his part, and a conflict ensued; in which the latter had the *misfortune*, as may hereafter appear, to preserve his own life, and wound his
antagonist

antagonist so mortally, that he died in a few days; but behaved himself with so much honour as to acquit William of the duel, so as to screen him from the penalties of a court-martial upon that account.

But to return:—As soon as the day appointed by the ladies, for putting their plan of experiment into execution, arrived, the fair rivals set off from Coventry to Canterbury, where the troop that our hero rode in was then stationed. They travelled post; and by eking out the day with half the night, they reached their proposed stage on the second noon, just as the cavalry was returning from a service of danger in support of the revenue, against a gang of smugglers on the Kentish coast.

As soon as they alighted at the inn, they dispatched a messenger in quest of William, with an anonymous billet, containing only these few words: “Two ladies, just arrived in town, present their compliments to Mr. Rawdon, and desire the pleasure of his company to dinner, and spend the evening together.” They concealed their
names

names, for fear of apprising him of the design of their coming upon him thus in couples; while our anomalous Cavalier, to whom the completion of his wishes ever became a disappointment, whose possession ceased to be enjoyment, and who was tired to death with spending two days succeeding each other in the same company and unvaried occupation, readily accepted the galant invitation, in hopes it might possibly turn out an adventure, or serve, at least, to diversify the dull scene of his present life.

He was in so great a hurry to obey the summons, that accoutred as he was, just as he had alighted from his horse, with his carbine slung across his shoulder, he immediately repaired to the inn. But when he was shewn into the room where his fair hosts were seated, his embarrassment and surprize became equally visible in his looks and actions; nor were the ladies themselves, though better prepared for the interview, under less difficulty or confusion; so that it was some minutes before any of the triumvirate could collect their spirits sufficiently

sufficiently, either to advance to salute each other, or open the congress.

At length, the timorous Jenny, as had been before agreed upon between the cousins, that as first claimant she should first speak, with a mild aspect and fond regard, a faltering voice and trembling accent, thus addressed her speech to the astounded Cavalier :

“ After the pains you took to win my affections, and afterwards to obtain the consent of your own family to our union, your sudden disappearance, and at the very crisis of your wishes too, I own both surprisèd, and rendered me unhappy. I feared some extraordinary and unaccountable accident had befallen you, and the pique and resentment which such a behaviour might naturally have inspired, were thus suspended by the alarm I had conceived with regard to your life and safety. Under these apprehensions, my mind had laboured for some time ; till my friend and near relation, here present, having become a widow, desired the solace and relief of my society at her house, during the prescribed interval of her mourning ;
and

and as it is natural, in grief, to communicate one's affliction, I had, upon mentioning your name, the pleasure to hear that you were still alive; but the mortification and concern, at the same time, to learn that you had entered into an engagement with her, inconsistent with your own honour and my happiness. I come not here, notwithstanding, to upbraid your seeming infidelity, as I cannot yet divest myself so far of the good opinion I had once so fondly conceived of the man I loved, as not to suspect that the slight you have so strongly marked towards me, must have been owing rather to some fault or error in my conduct, than to any falsehood or baseness in your own character. The intent, therefore, of this interview, is not to reclaim your affections, but merely to afford you an opportunity of vindicating yourself from the unkindness and contempt you have shewn me, by charging me with that unworthiness in myself which alone could justify so extraordinary, and otherwise unaccountable a proceeding. I pretend not to urge my argument any further on this subject, I demand nothing but what I have a right to exact; I take part with
you

you against myself, and shall be rendered less unhappy in being able to acquit you, even though this should turn out to my own condemnation."

Here she rested ; and the distressed William looked on her with fondness and concern, but remained silent ; while the other plaintiff, who both by her countenance and gestures, notwithstanding the amicable terms before entered into, betrayed the utmost impatience and anxiety while the lovely Jenny continued her tender and pathetic expostulation, fearing it might have revived William's former passion for her, and defeated her own suit, advanced towards him, and thus delivered her harangue, in turn :

" I shall not, Sir, said she, desire so long an audience of you as my friend here has done. A story *of so old a date* as hers, may, perhaps, have required a detail from the beginning ; but all I think necessary, on my part, is to commence mine from our last interview ; and for the recollection of the engagement then entered into between us, the shortest memory may, I think, be sufficient.

cient. I shall, therefore, only add, that I have manifested my attachment towards you in the most unequivocal manner possible, even under the condition of a prior obligation, and before I knew that you were intitled either by birth or fortune, to the rank or consideration of a gentleman. I am now set at liberty of fulfilling my part of our mutual engagement, and am come hither to know whether you are willing to perform yours?"

She ceased ; and the unhappy and distressed William, resembling the figure of Hercules standing irresolute between the two female advocates for pleasure and virtue, regarding her with a countenance of perplexity and shame, sighed often, turning his eyes sometimes towards Jenny, then up to Heaven, and then on the widow again, till after a few minutes passed in mournful looks and mute reflections, he thus replied :

" My fate has been, indeed, most peculiarly unfortunate, as it has rendered me not only miserable myself, but the cause also of unhappiness to others. Both of your claims I acknowledge

ledge to be just, and yet I find it alike impossible to discharge my obligations to either; not from the equality of your rights, of your merits, or from the equipoise of my own affections; for even though either of you should, this moment, resign your pretensions, the difficulty would yet still remain with me as strong as now; for I must confess an insuperable *præ-engagement*, long before I became acquainted with either of you. —I was, alas! wedded to my own caprice, by an unhappy bias of education; which renders me not only indifferent, but even averse, to every wish I frame, to every object I desire, from the moment I have it in my power to compass or enjoy them. Those who have been treated too long like spoiled children, will become techy and froward to their life's end. Unrestrained desires create a satiety to the mind, as too great an indulgence of appetite gives a loathing to the stomach: so that to a person thus forlorn, rational pleasures, as well as natural food, become at length too insipid to yield either satisfaction or enjoyments. I have, for some time past, been disgusted with my existence, and this event has completed my aversion to it.

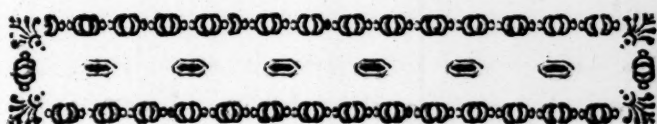
it. I cannot endure life upon such terms, to be thus an outcast of society, and the cause of wretchedness to those principally, whom duty or affection have ever connected with me. I forgive, however, my too kind, too cruel parents, begging of Heaven also to forgive my own distraction."

So saying, he leaned his breast over his musket, and touching the trigger with the toe of his boot, instantly discharged the piece, and fell a victim to his own discontent, and a sacrifice to the vice and folly of a fatal and ill-judged indulgence. The astonished rivals first screamed aloud, and then sunk down together on the bleeding corpse; in which situation they remained till the people of the Inn, being summoned by the shot and cries, came running into the room, and separated the living from the dead.

The Painter who drew a veil over Agamemnon's face, at the sacrifice of his daughter, gave a proper hint to all who should attempt to describe some of the miseries of the human mind, either with the pencil or the pen; as there are
certain

certain situations in misfortune, which are not to be conveyed by either. Among these, I think, may be ranked that in which we now leave poor Mrs. Nash, and the still more unhappy Jenny Wilson. The latter did not long survive this sad disaster; the disappointed widow too persevered in her solitary state of viduity, *till she was asked to change it*; and the unhappy parents of the unfortunate Suicide died soon of grief, lamenting their indiscretion and mistaken notions of Education.

S T O R Y



S T O R Y
O F
R O S A L I E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

THE fair but unfortunate Rosalie was the daughter of reputable, though not illustrious parents, her father being, at the time of her birth, a considerable merchant at Bourdeaux. But the misfortunes which were fated to attend her through life, seemed to commence even with her existence; for in a few years from that æra, her father beheld the fruits of his honest industry dissipated by a succession of unavoidable losses, and became at length a bankrupt. The only consolation that remained to her afflicted parents was this their darling daughter; when gazing on her, they forgot their sorrows, and lamented the want of riches for her sake only. Rosalie deserved their love;

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she discovered so many charms both of mind and person, that *Monf. Demorval* her father, willingly sacrificed the little remnant of his broken fortune to the bestowing an education on her, more suitable to her genius and merit, than to the rank which she then held in life.

Joined to other amiable qualities, *Rosalie* was possessed of the most refined sensibility and delicate sentiment, which exalts the heart it warms above its fellows, and is yet, perhaps, more prejudicial than serviceable to the female sex; as the very softness it inspires contributes but to render them unsuspecting, and of course an easier prey to the arts of seduction.

Death deprived the unhappy *Rosalie* of both her parents before she had reached her sixteenth year. Left without friends or fortune, a maiden aunt of her mother's, who was tolerably rich, took this lovely orphan to her care.

It may not be improper here to give a slight sketch of *Mademoiselle Mezirac's* character.—She was one of those narrow-minded souls who are incapable

capable of feeling for any creature but themselves; who mistake their dislike of human kind for an abhorrence of vice; and justify their spleen and ill temper to their wretched dependants, as arising from their want of virtue. She boasted of her never having loved any human being; she considered marriage as a gross attachment, and looked upon a state of celibacy as a state of perfection. Added to these perverse qualities, she was censorious, avaricious, and an outrageous bigot. Notwithstanding the hatefulness of her disposition, as she was known to be rich, she was visited by persons of the best rank in the village where she lived, and was particularly intimate with a neighbouring widow lady, of the name of Montalmant, who had a son about two years older than Rosalie. This youth soon distinguished our fair orphan and became so assiduous in his visits to Mademoiselle Mezirac, that he never suffered his mother to go there without him.

Women are quick-sighted in love, and Rosalie soon discovered the cause of Montalmant's attention to her aunt;

but for a long time their eyes only declared the mutual affection which had taken possession of their youthful hearts. At length Montalmant dared to write, and Rosalie to receive the fullest and tenderest declaration of his passion. She had now found an object on whom she could bestow that vast fund of sensibility which was treasured in her heart; she poured it all forth into her lover's bosom, while her own received, almost in the same instant, the opposite passions of love and hate. Her aunt's severity, which she had hitherto borne with patience, rendered her now detestable; and she determined to deceive her, without considering that she was at the same time deceiving herself. The young people eluded the vigilance of their parents, they had many stolen interviews and the too tender Rosalie sacrificed that honour which she had till then held dearer than her life, to her fondness for the no less enamoured Montalmant.

In a few days after she had been guilty of this fatal error, she received the following billet from her lover :

“I am compelled to obey my mother ;

ther; she has discovered all, and refuses absolutely to consent to our marriage. By her authority I am hurried from this place, and obliged to renounce my love, nay, even my hope; as there is a match concluded for me, which must throw me into the arms of another."

Rosalie had not power to finish this shocking adieu; she sunk upon the earth, as if she had been blasted by lightning, and continued senseless for a considerable time. No words can describe the state of her mind, when her sorrows and her senses returned together. She called upon her husband, her lover, her Montalmant! nor could she believe that he was really fled, till she went to the house where his mother had resided, and was informed that the whole family had quitted it on the preceding night, without letting any person know whither they were gone.

The unhappy Rosalie, loaded with the reproaches of her own mind, abandoned by her Lover, without a friend to whom she could reveal her grief, devoured it in secret, and vainly

thought she had reached the summit of affliction.—But, alas ! her present sufferings were but like the foundation, from whence the superstructure of her future miseries must arise. It was not enough that she should blush in secret, or humble herself before the Almighty for her crime ; public contempt and infamy awaited her : for the unhappy orphan soon perceived that she was likely to become a mother. Death was the sole resource which now seemed left ; her fame was dearer to her than life, and she determined to hide her sorrows and her shame together within the silent grave. But that true friend which flies not the afflicted ; but stretches forth a pitying hand to raise the wretch oppressed with crimes and sorrows, opposed the fatal purpose—Religion forbade suicide, and stopped her trembling hand. She bowed, adored, and suffered.

If any event of Rosalie's life could be deemed fortunate, Mademoiselle Mezirac's being confined to her bed at this particular crisis was so. Rosalie was too ill to quit her's ; this screened her from the prying eyes of her aunt and every

every other person, and in the fullness of time she brought forth a lovely boy. Though she had not much attendance from her aunt's servants during her illness, and though her chamber was retired from the rest of the family, she knew it would be impossible to conceal her infant there; at midnight, therefore, she stole softly down stairs with him in her arms, and conveyed him to a little decayed summer-house at the end of the garden, and deposited her precious charge upon some clean straw. To this spot she retired as often as she could, unseen, to nourish and attend her helpless child. Reflection soon convinced her that he could not long remain there undiscovered; maternal tenderness at length triumphed over the fear of shame; she went to the Curate of the Parish, Monsieur Freminville, threw herself at his feet, confessed her crime, and implored his protection for the innocent effect of her's and Montal-mant's guilt.

This good, this pious man calmed her wild transports, approved her penitence, and received her child, whom he

he immediately put to nurse, without revealing its unhappy mother's shame.

Rosalie's mind now became a little calmer ; her health returned of course, though sorrow's deepest traits were not effaced either from her heart or face. Mademoiselle Mezirac during her illness had, in the height of her zeal for her own recovery, devoted her Niece, as her bigotry conceived, to God ; and as soon as her health was established, she communicated her pious resolution to Rosalie, and bid her prepare immediately to pass the rest of her days in a Convent. In vain the devoted victim knelt, wept, and prayed before her, and as vainly assured her she had no call to that vocation. She would not even listen to her pleading, and allowed her but eight days to take her leave of the world, and all that it contained.

Rosalie again flew to her venerable friend and benefactor, again poured forth her sorrows in his humane and pious bosom. He promised her to use his utmost power of persuasion with her aunt to dissuade her from her cruel purpose. He kept his promise : but the obdurate

obdurate Mezirac, so far from being softened by his eloquence, flew into the most outrageous passion, both against him and her Niece, and treated him with the most opprobrious language. Not content with having insulted, she resolved to injure him still farther; and wrote to the bishop of the Diocese, representing him as a debauched and wicked man, who had at that time a bastard child, nursed even in the face of the whole parish, as, she had heard it whispered. Mademoiselle Mezirac's affected piety had gained her so great a reputation for sanctity, that the Bishop, without enquiring farther, immediately dismissed Freminville from his Cure with the most ignominious reproof.

This was, of all that she had felt, the severest wound to the generous heart of Rosalie; and setting at nought even the fear of infamy, she hastened to clear the innocence of Freminville, and prostrating herself at the Bishop's feet, confessed herself the mother of the child, and avowed her obligation to the good and virtuous Freminville. The Bishop was affected by the nobleness of her Conduct; said he would give Freminville

minville another cure, for his was disposed of; and also would use his authority with her aunt, to prevent Rosalie from being forced into a Convent. But, alas! this gleam of hope soon vanished; the Bishop had been long in a bad state of health, he was seized with a paralytic stroke in the night, and expired on the following day.

Deprived of every resource, the almost distracted Rosalie wandered into a public garden, where the people of condition in the village used to walk; it was at that time full of company; but her disturbed imagination prevented her from taking notice of any object that surrounded her, till chance directed her eyes to a little wooden bridge which was over a deep piece of water, the floor of which was decayed by time: at that instant she beheld the woman who nursed her child with him in her arms, crossing the bridge; a plank gave way, and they both fell in together. The feelings of a mother were not to be suppressed; she screamed aloud, "O save my child from perishing!" and rushing madly into the water, caught him in her arms, still crying out,

out, "O my child!" All the people in the garden ran to her assistance; she was dragged out more dead than alive, and fainted the moment she was brought to land. The whole village was now in an uproar; the cause soon reached Mademoiselle Mezirac's ears; she flew amongst the rest to gaze on her now dishonoured Niece, whom she found clasping her infant to her bosom, and chafing his chilled limbs. Mezirac darted towards her, and would have torn her and her child piece-meal, had she not been prevented by the humanity of the spectators. But though her hands were restrained, her tongue was free; she loaded her with the most pointed abuse, and declared that Freminville was the father of the child,

Rosalie again rising superior to her sex, nay to herself, still pressing her infant to her heart, declared aloud her amour with Montalmant, and the humane and pious part which Freminville had acted towards her.

From that hour her aunt abandoned Rosalie to want and wretchedness; the short-lived commiseration which her extraordinary

traordinary accident had occasioned, expired with the surprise ; and she had now no other means of support for herself and infant, but what she could procure from hands weakened by sorrow, and unused to labour ; yet still she felt much more for the distress which she had brought on the good Curate, than that which she herself most patiently endured.

In about two years the iron-hearted Mezirac, expired, bequeathing her whole fortune to the Convent where she meant to bury her Niece, refusing even to forgive her with her latest breath.

Worn out with continual sorrow, the unfortunate Rosalie fell into so languid a state of health, that she was no longer able to assist in supporting herself or child. Freminville's resources were also at an end ; that good, that ministering Angel had long since parted with every thing he possessed, which could contribute to the relief of the wretched Rosalie and her lovely boy. Yet the pious father still continued to enforce that humble resignation to the dispensations of Providence, that would entitle

entitle her to happiness hereafter, however for wise ends denied her here. His admonitions were not lost upon his penitent; she owned her chastisement was just, and only prayed for blessings on her son.

At length the hour of her release approached; the pious Curate administered the last Sacraments; that over, she clasped her child close to her dying bosom, bathed him with tears, and covered him with kisses.—“These are the last (said she) that I shall ever give him. But thou best, most generous of friends! if you should ever learn what is become of——Alas! I should forget him——but he is the father of my hapless orphan——If you should ever hear that Montalmant lives——Why, O gracious Heaven, will not this fatal passion quit my troubled heart, while yet one quivering pulse remains to beat!” At these words she sunk upon her pillow, the paleness of death spread fast over her countenance, her lovely boy, shocked at the sudden change, gave a loud cry, and sprang to catch his mother in his arms.

At

At that instant, a young man with the utmost precipitation threw open the chamber door, and exclaimed, "Where is she ! Where is Mademoiselle Domerval !" " You see her there before you (said the Priest), she is just now expiring." " Expiring ! (said the youth) It must not be ;" and rushing towards the bed, " O my dear Rosalie !" was all that he could utter, and sunk down senseless by her. " O Heavens ! you are Montalmant," cried out Fremenville. This sound seemed to recal the parting spirit of Rosalie ; she opened wide her eyes and sighed out, " It is Montalmant !" " Yes, my adorable Rosalie ! (he replied) but oh ! in what a state do I now find you !"

" I die content (said she), having seen you. But are you married ? Is it another's husband I embrace ?" " O, no !" he answered quick. Behold your son (said she) ; let him remind you of his mother's fondness." " My son (said he, and caught him in his arms) ! My mother is no more (added Montalmant), I now am free ; you are, and ever were, the only object of my love. I flew with transport to repair the ills you have

have suffered, and offer you my hand and fortune ; my heart has ever been your own, nor shall it ever wander from you ; if you should die, the grave unites us both. But try, my love, try to recover for this cherub's sake, for this beloved boy!" Physicians were immediately sent for, and every aid employed for Rosalie's recovery, which for some weeks remained doubtful. At length the peace of mind which she now experienced, joined to her youth and naturally good constitution, prevailed ; and as soon as she was able to quit her bed, the worthy Freminville had the satisfaction of uniting her in marriage to the husband of her heart, and rendering them both completely happy.

Montalmant settled a handsome provision upon the preserver of his wife and child ; and Rosalie's gratitude continued undiminished to the last hour of her benefactor's life. The latter part of her own was as singularly exemplary in goodness, as the beginning had been in misfortunes.

